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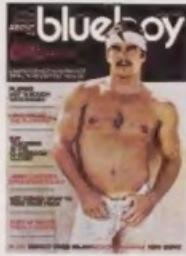
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# DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE



## CONTENTS OF ISSUE TWELVE

- 4 MALECALL/DEAR SIR:**
- 6 MALE RAPE**  
*Interesting revelations on a little known crime*
- 10 TRY OUT TIME**  
*Steve Master's new three-part S&M casting couch extravaganza*
- 14 DRUMMER VIEWS THE FLICKS**  
*Rocky's the winner this year!*
- 15 BOOK REPORT** by Ed Franklin
- 16 THE GREAT ESCAPE**  
*Bernie Orlando takes over from Houdini, breaks a record and shows up a straight-jacket artist*
- 19 BOOK SECTION: "POGEY BAIT"**  
*The first of two acts of an important new play about the gay military by George Birimisa*
- 23 LEATHERJOURNAL**  
*Bernie Prock and Toby Bailey show and tell about Leather Exhibitionists*
- 24 FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY**  
*Blackbeard the Pirate and some of his fun and games*
- 28 ASTROLOGIC**  
*Astrology for sadomasochists, featuring Pisces with an illustration by Harry Bush*
- 30 CROSSWORDS PUZZLE**
- 31 THE LEATHER FRATERNITY**  
*Leathermen for your leather lifestyle*
- 35 DRUMMER VISITS THE HANGIN' TREE RANCH**  
*and goes Western Leather with a 17" x 21" fold-out of artist Anthony De Frange's painting*
- 47 MOVIE MAYHEM**  
*Allen Eagles goes west to show us how the Cowboys and Indians did it - to one another.*
- 54 DRUMBEATS**  
*The lighter side of S&M*
- 59 DRUM**  
*An original, just-for-DRUMMER comic strip by Britain's Bill Ward*
- 64 THE DRUMMER SHOPPER**  
*Hot items of interest to our readers and where to get them*
- 65 DRUMMER VISITS THE INTERMOUNTAIN LOGGING COMPANY**  
*Our studs do some outfitting and get the western look*
- 66 THE ART SECTION: REX**  
*Unusual erotic work from a superb leather artist*
- 68 THE BIKE CLUBS**  
*The N.Y. Wheels have a Turkey Day and we begin the new calendar for the year*
- 70 THE BOSTON EAGLE**  
*If you're man enough*
- 71 THE LEATHER BAR SCENE**  
*Where Leathermen meet to beat*
- 76 IN PASSING**  
*Cover photo Hangin' Tree Ranch*
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# MALECALL/Dear Sir:

#### MORE MOVIE MAYHEM

Congratulations on your seven-part series on movie torture. Author Eagles knows his subject. For example, the fact that in crucifixion scenes, the two thieves often provide the best turn-on.

By the way, around Easter, some cities provide outdoor pageants in which high school boys play lead roles. Away from the center of attention, "Roman soldiers" guarding the two "thieves" may treat their prisoners real rough. After several rehearsals, those "Five in the Trainer's Room" feelings begin to show!

But, of course, all movies discussed in this series are straight. Must we sit for 90 minutes to see a few seconds of a loin-clothed lad hanging from a cross? Alas, all gay leather movies look like illustrated chapters from Townsend's *Handbook*.

I would also like gay movies bringing our other fantasies to life: cowboys vs. Indians, Romans vs. Christians and Nazis vs. GIs, with scenes of prisoners being spread-eagled on anthills and bare-chested enemy soldiers locked in knife combat.

And it would be great, were it not for legal and moral (?) considerations, if some such movies could be played by boys closer to the age at which we first experienced such S&M scenes. Who wouldn't want to relive that first time a young "cowboy" was captured by "Injuns," stripped to the waist, bound to a rough-barked tree and "tortured"?

As your next series, consider articles based on U.S. and foreign military combat field manuals. Quote from the cold, clinical text (seldom copyrighted) on how to silently liquidate an enemy sentry. In photos, demonstrators are often shown half-naked, presumably to better illustrate parts of the body that are vulnerable in hand-to-hand combat. Show a wire garrote closing on a young soldier's throat, or a knife striking at a tender bare belly.

E.W.  
New York, NY

A comment on Allen Eagles' very interesting article on movie mayhem in the Holiday Issue of DRUMMER.

Eagles omitted one factor in his reasons of why the flogging scene in *The Mask of Fu Manchu* was so outstanding. The writhing victim, Charles Starrett, wore riding breeches. The same is true of several of the other films mentioned, including *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, in which a booted and breeched Richard Cromwell is subjected to "things too awful to talk about" . . . and *Timbuktu*, in which the young French officer dies with his boots — and breeches — on.

Judging by the letters and Leather Fraternity listings in your magazine, it would seem that a fairly large proportion of your readers is also into this very

stimulating and masculine garb. How about future articles on this subject?

Don  
Hermosa Beach, CA

#### TATTOO TURN-ON

Your cover and photo-story in Issue No. 8 were such a turn-on that it triggered my long-standing desire to get a tattoo.

The artist let me leaf through his sketches, discussing placement, personal interests, colors, etc. We settled on a Western adaptation of an Oriental demon, which was duly engraved on my upper left arm along with a few personal touches I requested. He's a handsome devil, brilliantly colored, and he now threatens my enemies while safeguarding my person with his snarling menace.

Today's tattoo artists are a far cry from the old hole-in-the-wall "perfessers" who used to cover the waterfronts of the world. Leathermen seeking a uniquely personal decoration would do well to consult some of them.

And here's a feature I'd like to see in DRUMMER, with its terrific graphic artists: How about getting some of them to turn out a few tattoo designs? Something different from the old traditions—eagles, dragons, etc. — or new variations of the familiar patterns, for that matter. How about it?

P.S.  
New York, NY

Gentlemen:

Here's my subscription for your superb magazine 'DRUMMER.' IT'S THE GREATEST.

Bought the first issue (the Val Martin Body Painting Cover) and thought this can't be for real — it's too good to last, but found the Holiday Issue to be every bit as good so can't run the chance of losing out on future issues. Keep em comin'.

Sincerely  
J.L.

#### TO THINE OWNSELF BE TRUE

Funny that "Trooper" of New York City (Issue No. 10) should touch on the question, but for as long as this tiresome observer has participated in the S&M "scene," he has observed that two conflicting opinions arise amongst sisters and brothers, be they addicted to "top," "bottom," or both positions.

"Trooper's" letter appears to offer a means for separating the "real" from the "costume" habits in well-publicized places such as leather bars, gay baths, etc. I'll not get too philosophical about the distinction between "real" and "phony," for I've been one of those weirdos who believes that if you get your

thrills from dressing up like John Foster Dulles trying a bad imitation of Lillian Russell - dressing Joan of Lorraine, then you're "real."

Zooming in on an immediate issue to all DRUMMER readers, there's always the simple question of whether to wear scuffed, down-at-the-heels boots, or to keep your favorite footwear polished and fresh! Okay . . . you want to be perceived as a genuine leather person, not some tired old faggot who has finally realized that he's no longer a marketable commodity at his old cruising ground, the Screaming Nel Dance Palace. Should you, if you lack a regular bootslave to do it for you, keep your leather shiny black, or let it fade and crackle? DECIDE FOR YOURSELF! For your *must* satisfy yourself before you can please others! If you present the trim, clean appearance to the leather world, you'll win acceptance from those people attracted to the clean, healthy look but will repel those who dream of serving or being served by the totally degraded, don't give a damn, take-me-as-I-am types. Elect the scruffy look and the seedy-look lovers will notice you, but the Mr. Cleanophiles shall cruise another image. So decide what pleases you when you gaze into the mirror.

And if the issue troubling you remains "How do I make out better than I have been doing?" REMEMBER some factors other than choice of clothes, handkerchiefs or keys make the real difference in meeting and keeping the interests of partners. A blob of a personality remains a bore no matter how attractive the leather packaging. Despite quotations from Erasmus or ideas ripped out of context from George Bernard Shaw and other wits, there's more than clothes, junk jewelry studs, buttons or handcuffs which make the man . . . and keep him devoted to you.

The Great Nipple  
Milford, CT

#### DOT'S NICE

I very much enjoy DRUMMER and read it cover to cover. The "Erotic Dots" is real fun to do.

S.J.  
Montreal, Quebec

#### BEASTS BEST

I must tell you how very much I enjoyed my first issue (October) of DRUMMER. In particular, I found the article on Beastliness very much to my liking. I had almost begun to believe I must be a real freak, since no one else seemed to have similar fantasies. Now I know there are kindred souls somewhere (but where?).

I have often advertised for someone like your cowboy to make me do all the things he did for the supposed author of the article. It happens that I, too, have a great love for these activities when around horses. I pray that I get the opportunity to have such an experience before I go to my reward! I expect to become a member of The Leather Fraternity and then shall hope for good results from an ad. Light a candle for me!

H.B.  
New York, NY

#### DATA DATED?

I read your article "With the Bike Clubs" (Issue No. 10) with great interest. But — get your shit together! For those of us out of state that are interested, where can we make contact for more information. It's kinda hard for us 1200 to 1600 miles away to walk up to some Florida leather stud, with one of the listed club patches, grab him by the balls and get him to come out with the info we need.

I like the articles you've done on the Chicago Gold Coast Anniversary, Slave Auction, etc. However, if you had a monthly listing of such events two to three months in advance, some of us might also be able to make the scene. We always get the dope after the fact.

BILL

Columbus, OH

*Ed note: Stay "With the Bike Clubs" and you'll find advance information on runs and other M.C. events.*

#### SUBSCRIBER PLAYS SANTA

As a subscriber to your great publication, I must compliment you on your good job. Keep it up and coming!

I might add that I'm tired of my buddies dog-eating my cherished copies. Below are the names of special people on my Christmas list. Please take care of them with my gift subscriptions.

Nick  
New York, NY

## PAEAN PRESENTS LUSTY

LUSTY NUMBER ONE IS THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF LUSTY LITTLE MAGAZINES DESIGNED TO FIT UNDER YOUR PILLOW. ALL 32 PAGES OF THIS 6X9IN. MAGAZINE ARE CRAMMED FULL OF PHOTOS OF OUR STUDS TURNING EACH OTHER ON: JEAN CLAUDE, DUSTY, BARRESI, MAX, TARP, DENNIS - THEY'RE ALL HERE AND THEY'RE ALL HOT AND HORNEY.

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#### PHOTO FEATURE FAN

Your whole magazine is superb, but the "Dear Diary" photo feature around the centerfold of your October issue was the best yet. Please continue that type of picture story.

In the future, how about a shaving photo article and why not use the same four guys? Particularly the M in the grocery cart. As an S, I'd buy him first at any auction. I'd really like to see him shaved head to toe, moustache included, by those other three guys.

How about this scenario: M appears in barber shop, asks for a shave and a haircut. The barbers, all Ss, grab him, strip him, recline the barber chair and tie him to it. Then, with humorous comments, as in the sex shop article, they proceed to cut and shave off every hair on his head, body, arms, legs and balls. Then they flip him over and finish the job.

Dig it? Yeah!

Rick

Boston, MA

#### AND FROM FRATERNITY MEMBERS...

I have received two issues of DRUMMER and can hardly prevent orgasm when reading it. Just opening the cover insures immediate erection.

Tom

Marquette, MI

I think DRUMMER is the hottest magazine to come along in some time!

David

Los Angeles, CA



ALL CHARGES HAD BEEN DROPPED AND FORGOTTEN  
AND EVERYTHING WAS "BACK TO NORMAL" — BUT IT  
MIGHT NEVER BE AGAIN.

# MALE

## GARY COLLINS

"I enjoyed *inflicting* homosexuality on them," the man says calmly, without emotion.

He is talking about the thirty or more young boys he raped in a period of less than a year and a half.

"How did you go about raping them?" the interviewer asks.

"I would go out at night, after it was dark," he explains, still very calm and without feeling. "I'd look for hitchhikers on the freeway. They had to be young — under twenty — and straight looking. I preferred blondes. After they were in my van for a few minutes, I'd pull a gun on them. I'd drive to a rest stop or back road. There, I'd make them get in the back of the van. I kept handcuffs in the back and I'd weld a ring to the wall. I taped their eyes, took down their pants. Then I'd tell them I wasn't going to do anything to them but that someone wealthy had hired me to kidnap them. Then I'd get out of the van and after a few minutes I'd go back inside, like I was somebody else. I never talked to them while I did it."

"What did you make them do?"

"Usually I'd have them suck me for a while but I always ended up performing sodomy on them. Mostly I just did it once to each boy. Sometimes twice. Once I picked up two boys and did it to both of them."

"Didn't any of them try to resist or just refuse to do what you wanted?"

"I told them I'd kill them if they didn't do exactly what I wanted — and I meant it. Also, I went through their wallets. I'd say to them, 'Now I know your name and where you live but you don't know me. If you turn me in, I'll

come and get you.' It always worked, until the last time."

"How did you get caught?"

For the first time, the rapist laughs. "They were foreigners," he says.

This man was never convicted of rape because, in this country, men can't be legally raped. The price he paid for emotionally and physically assaulting the thirty young boys? He is in a mental institution being "rehabilitated." He was lucky that he never actually used his gun to maim or kill one of his young victims. He admits that while the boys were his prisoners he felt a sense of "power" and "ecstasy" which had very little to do with the sex act.

He is very average in appearance, looking very much like the middle-level executive he was at the time he committed his rampage of rape. Talking to him, it is obvious that he has had some college education. Except when describing the actual rapes, he uses good English and chooses his words carefully. It is very easy to imagine him as the man he was, a married man with two young sons and a house in the suburbs. But it is staggering to realize that here is someone who brutally victimized thirty youths all "under twenty."

The male rapist — men who rape men — is unknown to society. There is no report on him, no sociological or psychological profile. While volumes have been written about how and why men rape women, the male who rapes other males is America's — if not the world's — unknown criminal.

The gay male is a perfect target for this type of rapist.

It is two a.m., the bars are closing and Jeff doesn't have a trick for the night. He's had a few drinks more than he usually does but he's still feeling frustrated and "horny." It's not the kind of sex at the baths he's looking for but, hopefully, for someone to stay the night. On his way home, he passes a popular park for cruising. He parks his car and begins walking in the park. Jeff is young and attractive and has a smooth, hairless face. Soon a dark, virile man steps out from the trees. They begin talking. Jeff finds the man sexually exciting, partly because of the man's strong, masculine good looks. He invites the man to come home with him.

At Jeff's home, they go straight to the bedroom and begin undressing. Jeff is already aroused and looking forward to a long session. The man lays on top of him, his chest hairy and warm. They hardly speak. The man's lips move down Jeff's chest and Jeff closes his eyes. In the next instant, Jeff begins screaming. The stranger's teeth fasten on his testicles, biting into them and causing terrible pain. Jeff screams and yells, begging the man to stop, but the horrible, shooting pain goes on and on. Every time Jeff tries to push the man away or move, the teeth tear and bite even harder. The pain is overwhelming.

Perhaps for no more than a minute or two, Jeff passes out. When he awakes, he has been turned on his stomach and his arms are pinned down. Quickly and viciously, the man rapes Jeff without the use of lubricant. With searing pain still in his testicles, Jeff is now forced to endure even additional pain. For what seems an eternity to Jeff, the man batters him and

# RAPE

WOMEN GET RAPED BUT MEN COMMIT SODOMY BY LAW. NOT ONLY IS THE LAW AGAINST THE MALE VICTIM, HE CAN EXPECT NO SYMPATHY FROM THE POLICE.

squeezes Jeff's wrists until he thinks they will break.

Finally, it is over. The stranger gets off the bed and begins dressing.

"Why did you do it?" Jeff gasps.

"I thought you were enjoying it," the man says with sadistic simplicity.

In this case, it took the victim only a few days to get over the physical pain. The rapist had done no permanent damage to either his testicles or his rectum. The emotional pain, however, is with Jeff to this day four years later. He is just now beginning to trust the man who wants to become his lover.

On a quiet spring night, Robert R. was asleep in his apartment when the police broke down the door. The police ransacked his place looking for a supply of drugs that did not exist and then they took him off to jail.

It would be three days before the police realized they had made a mistake. But Robert R. would spend three days in jail and an event would happen that would alter his life forever.

During his second day in jail, Robert R. was raped. He was raped by six or more men at least twenty times.

It all began when a man came to his cell and said "I want you to do me."

"You must be kidding," Robert replied nervously.

But the man was not kidding and he was not alone. Several hours later, Robert finally got to a phone. He was in shock, he was shaking, he was vomiting, he was in intense pain and he was crying.

"Do you know what's going on in here? Do you know what they're doing to me?" he sobbed to his sister over the phone.

Four months later — after peculiar legal delays and many postponed hearings — Robert's lawyer informed him that all 'charges' had been dropped and for-

gotten and that everything was 'back to normal.'

But it wasn't back to normal for Robert and it might never be again. When his lawyer called him, Robert R. was already in a mental hospital. He had lost his job, his apartment and belongings had been destroyed on the night of his arrest, and most of his friends were alienated because they couldn't understand what had happened to him. His nerves were in a state of collapse. He had suffered from diarrhea for four months.

As a gay male, he was not a novice to anal intercourse but what had happened to him that day in the jail was not related to any kind of sexual experience he had ever had. Yet when he visited two psychologists appointed by The City, they had asked him: "Don't you think you asked for it? Don't you think you wanted it? As a homosexual, didn't you really enjoy what happened?"

Today, Robert R. has been judged totally disabled. He spends most nights alone in his apartment. His only desire in life is to be left alone. He finds having sex — even with himself — almost impossible. He lives a hermit's life.

This is male rape. It's something we don't hear about or know about. There is practically no information available to either the public or to professionals in crime and psychology.

Why? Probably the main reason is that a male victim of rape has nowhere to go and — even more than a female — expects no help or understanding from police, lawyers, doctors, or counselors. Worse than being a pariah, he is the victim very few people believe exists. In no state does the law recognize that a man can be raped. It recognizes only that sodomy (whether voluntary or forced) is a crime. Women get raped. Men commit sodomy. By law, both partners in an act of sodomy are guilty of 'a crime against nature.'

Rape is ugly, but to a large number of people, so is homosexuality. The two together are not only unthinkable, they are unknowable. This inability to accept male rape explains why even trained criminologists and psychologists are ignorant and unsympathetic to the problem.

Male rape is as psychologically murderous and mutilating for its victims as it is for women. Besides educating the public about how positive and normal homosexuality can be, gays and straights also need to know and be aware of how disastrous and destructive male rape can be.

For the gay community, there is an additional factor. Male rape does not just occur in jail or wherever 'repressed homosexuals' commit their crimes. Male rape also occurs in parks known for gay cruising. Male rape also occurs in baths popular with gays. Male rape also occurs in apartments after pick-ups in certain types of gay bars.

If you were the attendant or owner of a gay bath and a young man came to you and said he was just forcibly raped in your bath, what would you do? If that were true (and most bath owners would laugh at the idea), you might go so far as to send the young man to a doctor and try to help him out. More likely, you would do your best to hush the youth up, to keep the whole matter quiet.

Both the victim and the other people involved in a male rape have no place to go, no choices, no alternatives other than silence.

Last year in San Francisco, 24% of reported cases of rape were male victims. The minimum statistics of female rape would indicate that another ten times as many male rapes went unreported. The figure may be considerably higher.

In that same year, only one male went to jail for the crime of forced sodomy.

There are no other available facts and

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE ENJOYING IT," THE MAN SAYS WITH SADISTIC SIMPLICITY'

THE BEST THRILLER  
INCE "PSYCHO"



"THE RAPE" is by our featured artist REX, who is the subject of our article on page 62, including other examples of his extraordinary work.

figures on male rape. It is the crime nobody really knows about.

The male who is raped, whether he is gay or straight, is in a situation completely different from that of a female who is raped. To begin with, he has no where to go. For women there are rape crisis centers in most major cities, for men there are none. Not only is the law against him, he can expect no sympathy from the police. They would laugh at any male who came in to report he was raped. And if he is a gay male, their most likely response would be, "You're a queer, aren't you? You must have enjoyed it." (Unfortunately, this is an attitude that even many gay people would take.)

If a male victim didn't go to the police, could he turn to a psychiatrist or psychologist for help in dealing with his trauma? True, a great part of the psychiatric profession has changed its attitudes towards homosexuality and no longer sees it as a sickness. On the other hand, very few psychologists or psychiatrists have had to deal with a male who has been raped. Their ignorance on the subject is as great as anyone else's and their response, where it has been recorded, is generally as lacking in sympathy and understanding as that of a policeman's would be.

There are some notable exceptions. In San Francisco, the Center for Special Problems and Operation Concern have both had to face this problem and have learned how to cope and work with it. But, then, San Francisco isn't Boise, Idaho, is it? The further one moves into the hinterlands of America, the less and

less likely it is that a raped male will ever report or admit to his having been raped.

The male who is raped will probably live with his shame and his emotional wounds in complete and agonizing silence. Even more than a woman, he will be afraid of anyone learning what has happened to him. There is always the risk, if he is a gay male, that it will be him that the law will turn upon. So he turns to no one, not even his family, and has no one who will help him at a time and in a crisis when someone else is most desperately needed.

Is it any surprise then that male rape is the most unknown and most unreported crime in America?

The only area in which some of the public does accept that male rape occurs is in the prison system. Many weaker and less aggressive male prisoners accept an "old man" as their protector while behind bars. In exchange for sex, they are assured that other men won't bother them. The prisoner who refuses this protection is more than likely to suffer a "gang bang." The story of the effeminate black inmate who was raped by seven men in one night and required sixteen stitches in his rectum is gruesome but not at all uncommon.

Last year, 55,000 women reported being raped. It is generally agreed that this is only *one-tenth* the actual rapes committed. There is no guess or estimate as to the number of male rapes that might take place.

For the first time, an attempt is being made to study, to analyze and to combat this problem. The Queen's Bench Foun-

dation in San Francisco has acquired funding for a project called Male Rape Studies. They have three main objectives: to gather information, to educate both the public and professional sectors and, most importantly, to change the laws.

MALE RAPE STUDIES was established to define and understand this problem. Its ultimate goals are to educate both gays and straights as to what male rape is, how it happens, what it means to both the victim and the rapist and to create means both to combat and to overcome its effects.

A human life was not made to be thrown away by the tragedy of a moment or a single experience. It was not made to be forever altered by the haphazard pain and tears of one instance in life.

Today, most rape laws apply only to women. If Male Rape Studies is successful, they hope to see rape laws changed so that *no sex* is specified.

If you have been a victim of rape, Male Rape Studies has prepared a confidential and anonymous questionnaire which can be obtained by writing MARS, 537 Jones St., Suite 400, San Francisco, Ca. 94102. Or you can call them during office hours, Monday through Friday, at (415) 982-3913.

The rapist didn't think much of you, why should you help him to keep on hiding?

*The incidents and any names used in describing these rape cases are a composite of actual cases and the males involved in them.*

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# TRY OUT TIME

PART I

## SCOTT MASTERS

### SUBMISSIVE ACTOR/ATHLETE

wanted to co-star in heavy action film.  
Must be handsome, young, and versatile.  
Send nude photo and resume immediately.

How was the ad I placed in all the Hollywood trade papers, as well as several of the underground rags? The response from the "actor/athletes" was overwhelming. Postcards and letters jammed my post office box.

After five days of reading every inscription and letter, I had narrowed the field down to the 8 best and most attractive of the lot. These 8 told exactly what it was I was expecting, and this cut the number down to three. Now they were willing to do anything, to try anything, to submit to anything — just to get the part. The final try-out, I had further explained, would consist of my testing their actions to a series of humiliations, punishments and tortures. He who endured most effectively would then be cast in the title role of our new film, Agony of M. All three firms agreed without qualification to undergo anything I demanded of them. And what a diverse group they comprised!

When Marc Ortega had arrived for his first interview, he could think of was another very hair, mustache and sensual hips and a strong desire to strip down as part of the audition. I could hardly wait for the initial audition, and when it came, he too gave me a great deal of swimming in extremely broad shoulders down to slim waist, tight well-defined pectoral muscles, uncircumcised cock sprays and only partially concealed balls.

By way of contrast, Buck Taylor, a 21-year-old rodeo boy from Oklahoma, had the lean and rugged look which I imagined him as a future Macho man. His sun-bleached skin was close-cropped, and his azure eyes shivered seductively at the corners when he grinned. Evidence of a recent break in his chin was present, giving character to his stub nose. His chin was plain, slightly rounded. But the body below was goose-humped, proportioned in almost exact replication of Robert Conrad's. I appreciated the workboot-like hardness of his thickly beared chest muscles, his blunt circumsized cock, and the tough denim-like buttock cheeks, neatly joined from sitting who knows many a horse.

Jim Lincoln was black; a 19-year-old professional footballer who had already scored handsomely in "Mr. Universe" contests, taking high honors for his arms and those gleaming, ebony back. There was nothing wrong with his heart, either; deeply defined chest with muscular back and legs. Such a body, I thought, would be perfect for the

almost beyond belief, making a myth of the statement that "black men are better looking is a myth." He was not fat and, even in his Rockford state, having a third of the way down those powerful legs. He wore his hair in a moderate Afro, and sported a neatly trimmed mustache and Van Dyke beard. Behind his measured look was a slightly defiant hostility which I anticipated great pleasure in dealing with when it came to be his turn to "try out."

Now I was making ready for Marc's arrival. By a stroke of good fortune, an independent film company on Gowen was filming a remake of *The Black Sheep*, and I had been able to get their dungeon set from midnight until 5:00 a.m., when the lighting technicians would arrive to prepare for the day's shooting. Among the props available to me were a rack, a sword and a briar, well-wooded with a variety of branding irons and poles. There was also an ample supply of irons, cuffs, chains and whips.

I had just finished lighting the sets by the window when my attention was caught by the tentative clearing of a throat at the end of the stage corridor.

"Marc?"

"Yeah."

"Get your weapons," I said, "and come into the master costume," I ordered.

He emerged slowly from the shadows into the slate of the grand walkways. His stance unconvincing, he slowly took on the realistic dungeon setting, the classic instruments of torture, the flaming briar.

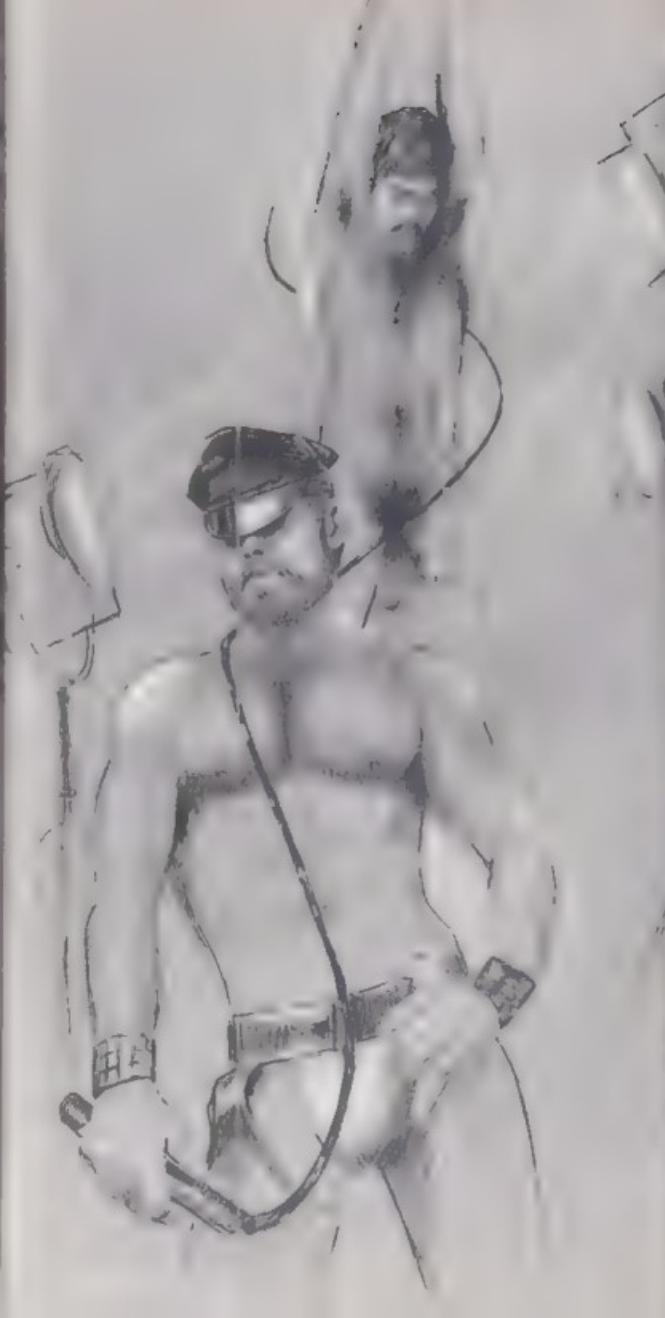
"Here, sign child!" I commanded, handing him a release form that stated he was签约 to play the title role free and relieved of all liability for any injury that might be done him. His dark eyes scanned my cold ones for a long moment before he took the pen and wrote his name at the bottom of the sheet. Giving it back, he stood before me, suddenly thrice into the big sockets of MR. LEES, emphasizing the words in front. Although it was probably need at this time of night on the set, the buttons of his T-shirt were damp with sweat.

"This is what you're going to wear," I announced, indicating the shirt. I had picked out this afternoon at *Walter's Costume*. "Your skin is fair. We don't have all blackin' night."

He removed the shirt and took out the 18th century outfit: I handed him the vest, breeches, stockings, a white silk shirt, cut to the waist, with flowing collar and big sleeves secured at the wrist.

"You can keep it until through time. I helped the set while I was getting ready, so you can leave it here when you're on the task." "You mean there you don't have anything on under those lights?"

"In a minute or two, I'll be back to help you. You can always take off your clothes if you want to. I'll be here to assist you."



# MÄNNESPIELEN

a portfolio by Rex



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sprouted on the center of his chest, and his genitals were clearly outlined in the crotch of the latex tights, balls pulled to one side, cock to the other. Ready, at last, for anything, this hunky young stud waited, long-fingered hands hanging awkwardly at his sides.

"On your back on the fuckin' rack," I barked. Taken by surprise, the handsome Latin scurried to do my bidding.

As he stretched himself out on the rope webbing that formed the bed of the rack, I stripped myself down to my boots and studded leather body harness. It always felt good to have my cock and balls hanging free through the crotch opening, the cheeks of my ass embracing that single strap, my socksless feet kicking the rough stones of those deck-soled engineer boots. Anticipation had caused me to become semi-erect, but I knew I would have to pace myself carefully over the erotic hours to come.

I turned back to the servile Marc, submissively prone on the medieval torture instrument. Throwing open the stocks at its base, I jerked his booted feet into the half-moon grooves, slammed the top down, and strapped a padlock through the haps, permanently imprisoning the widespread legs.

"Stretch your fuckin' arms over your shit-faced head as far as they'll go, you cunt-sipped spic!

Power and a perverse surge of sudden affection lodged in my consciousness as he immediately obeyed. Quickly, I clapped his wrists into the iron cuffs attached to the chains running over the drum. Then I turned the handle until Marc's rape-ready body was stretched rigid in the air, his face beaded with perspiration, diaphragm pumping, tight-enclosed genitals erected in high relief.

Nearly ready, it only remained for me to expose all the flesh of that rugged body to my pleasure. First, I ripped his shirt out of the snug waistband and pulled it up over his head so that it hung in shreds around his manacled wrists. Next, I went to his waist and passed my hands over his tensed belly muscles and under the top of his tights. Pausing a moment, I caressed the taut flesh of his pubis, but I shifted again at my fingertips. Then, with a sudden jerk, I ripped the tights all the way down to the flared tops of his leather boots, leaving the remnants to droop there like the penitants of a defeated army.

I surveyed the naked, sweating young thug with a huge swelling of expectation. Sweat ran from the curly black hairs of his armpits, a vein throbbed in his throat, the small nest of hair between his erect nipples glistened, and his lengthening cock was suspended in the air a couple of inches over a steadily Jimi Hendrix-style, hand-to-hand, hands over the tenseness of his thighs, along the sides of his flanks, and up over his chest to the bulging biceps. His resiliant flesh quivered beneath my touch.

"Please, sir. Please start to work on me," he rasped.

"Any hints?"

There was silence in the soundstage for several moments, then my obedient slave whispered "No, sir. No limits. My body is yours, for anything you want to do with it." His eyes met mine with a direct gaze of utter trust, and not a little love. I had to mask the warmth I felt filling my own eyes.

Without warning, I detached the thong that ran between my ankles and straddled the boy's much larger cock, pulling the length of the boy's vulnerable body, my bare ass at his head. Sitting down on his face, I grabbed his nipples between my fingers. "You're gonna eat out that shit-hole, spic, but start real slow with your fuckin' tongue around the edges, before you stick it up there as fast as you can go!" I punctuated my command with wrenching pinches to his nipples.

With the imminent task, Marc's throat began to clench the perimeter of my mouth. I concentrated kneading his nipples between my thumbs and forefingers, squeezing them together as hard as I could, pulling ruthlessly. The smooth tongue at my receptive rear increased the tempo of its activity, urging itself further and further into my body. As my cock stiffened in fervent response, I noticed that Marc's cock continued its ascent toward the cavernous ceiling, twitching directly in answer to my pressure on his tits. I now sawed my long fingers in over their very tips, and heard a throaty moan of passion dilate in the throat between my thighs.

My attention shifted to Marc's cock before me, climbing ever upward, head now totally exposed, and I leaned forward to grasp it with one hand. With the other, I snatched his egg-sized balls from their resting place close to his crotch, and tugged on them energetically. His tongue igniting my loins, I

pumped feverishly at his pulsating penis and clutched his testicles viciously, triumphantly aware of the increasing intensity of his hoarse moans, now a constant accompaniment to my activities.

By this time the slippery tongue pushing deeply in and out of my rear had me literally squirming with delight, and my manipulations of his man-size throbbing cock were increasing proportionately. It took all my will power to bring this first phase of the session to a halt, but I was still only beginning to try out my first proposed co-star, so I pulled away from him reluctantly, in order to get on with "phase two," and refastened my butt strap.

I released Marc Ortega from the rack and led him docily across the set to the enormous wheel on the other side of the dungeon. This wheel, measuring close to eight feet in diameter, was mounted in a framework bolted solidly to the floor. Chains and adjustable cuffs were placed at regular intervals around its rim. I backed my slave up to the torture device and made him kneel down so that I could chain his waist tightly to it. Then I forced his shoulders back over the circumference, my cock touching his lips, and secured another chain around his neck. Pressing more closely against him, I stretched his arms straight above his head and made his wrists fast. Portions of the silk shirt still hung from them.

Finally I turned the wheel so that he was lifted off his knees, and his feet hung helplessly above the floor. I ran a length of chain around his thighs and ended by pulling off his boots and clamping his bare ankles into conveniently placed restraints. Now his cock was at my mouth level, but I roughly slapped its semi-luminescence to the side.

To get accustomed to the mechanics of the thing, I gave the crank at the side a turn and watched the wheel with its human burden slowly revolve. He was turning in the direction of his arms and head, and in half a revolution his feet were up, and the rest of his body curved down toward the floor. While inspecting the first full turn, and in a hasty position beneath, I saw with satisfaction that his cock dragged along the abrasive concrete floor. When he had returned to an "upright" position, I stopped the wheel and locked it in place.

"O K, 'creep,'" I growled, "Y' had a fuckin' mild little warm-up, Y' ready now for the real thing, pss-face?"

"Y-y-yessir." His voice was partially strained by the chain across his throat, but even if he could not have spoken at all I would have known by the adoring look in his eyes and the lift in his cock that he was now powerless. I reached him once, I decided to put his trust to a final test, and snatched a hood from the table. In a trice his entire head was encased in leather, broken only by two small nostril holes and a larger one, about cock-size, for his mouth. Briefly I wondered what it must be like to be in total darkness, naked and trussed, not knowing what to expect next.

Thrusting the thought aside, I fashioned a noose from a leather thong and tied it tightly to the base of his scrotum. One by one I started hanging links of heavy iron chain from the thong, closely observing the increasingly taut stretch of the delicate membrane from which they depended. Deep behind the hooded face were guttural groans, emitted erratically, descending in effort. Soon, the weights had stretched Marc's sac down to such a degree that his fully erect cock no longer pointed upward toward his navel, but, rather, straight out at a right angle to his body. I put aside the desire to ease that tantalizing tip with my tongue.

My next actual move was to the brazier, where I selected a poker, its stubby nose redly aglow. Then back to my panting masochist, where I laid the sizzling instrument to the eather just beneath his hood's nose holes, its flesh-like sear giving his nostrils an olfactory sense of what was to come. He jerked his head violently, a sharp intake of breath keening like the rasp of a saw on steel. Just that one unearthly sound, followed by the now familiar rhythm of harsh and labored breathing.

I moved in closer to him, my legs on each side of the wheel, my grin facing his cock upward again, and the lug of weights from his balls, locking it tightly between our two bodies. Gradually I brought the poker closer and closer to his muscular chest, until it lightly grazed that centered hairy patch. The acrid smell of singed hair filled the small space between us, ground my clutch into his, setting the chain links swinging, and his head moved agitatedly from side to side, the only part of his entire body he could move at all. He rocked his hips frantically, as if to cool the heat on his chest, but not

a word did he utter.

Having completely singed that curly circle of hair, I turned to his right nipple, first pinching it into erectness, then bringing the red-hot end of the poker to within an eighth of an inch of that tender target. His chest gave a tormented heave and he gulped convulsively several times, larynx grating against the constraining chain. I went quickly for the other tit, again not quite making actual contact, and reveled in the helpless writhing of the tortured form pressed so close to my own near naked body. Each time he tried to move away, he caused the weights from his balls to swing again.

He must have wanted the role badly, to endure so much pain.

I pulled away from him to get a fresh poker, and noted with grim glee that the pointed steel studs on my body harness had imprinted their pattern deep into the flesh of my victim. Almost as a caress, I ran my fingers over those symbolic indentations, part of the escaud me, now at least temporarily also a part of him. My protrusions his intrusions. Yin and yang. And I could mate those marks whenever it pleased me. At least for the next couple of hours. And after . . .?

With the new poker I went to work on Marc's sensitive stomach area. Using the poker as my plume, I described a thanatopsis on my slave's abdomen, holding my stylus a fraction of an inch over the quivering skin, tracing centrifugal, radiating waves from his navel, in jagged red paths without really burning the flesh. Eventually, the spiraling reached down into his pubic area, and once again the singular smell of burning hair hung in the air. But just below, the powerful promise of his jutting cock remained unchanged.

A final yank on the weighty chains from his balls, and I put the poker away, preparing to take my place again at the crank that turned the wheel. First, however, I lit a series of fat little candles and placed them randomly on the floor beneath the machine. Behind the hood, Marc, of course, knew nothing of what I was up to, so when I put the wheel into a slow revolve around its axis, he couldn't imagine the several surprises in store.

The first of these came just after his body reached the apex and started its descent, when the weights attached to his balls abruptly flipped over to his front, causing a sudden pull to the tender sac and the first full-throated scream of the session. Inexorably, I continued turning the crank until, arms and head first, he began passing over the candle flames. Each one was less than an inch from his body, and when his modesty on passed, of his neck and back, swinging the weights, knocked down two of them as they plowed along the floor and into the tiny fires.

I reversed the motion of the wheel, so that he passed now feet first over the flames and up the other side. When the weights were free of the floor and held totally suspended by his testicles, his chest was at floor level. Quietly, I locked the wheel in that position in order to replace the burning candles, carefully laying two of them directly on his balls. From his throat came a constant moan, and I was tempted to remove the hood in order to see if that earlier adoring look was still in his eyes. Instead, I unlocked the wheel and continued my slow crankin' of the handle.

For some time I maintained my manipulations of the wheel, switching from clockwise to counterclockwise, stopping at whim wth his body in a variety of locations. Not once did his erection relax, however, and at the zenith of the wheel's progress it proudly stood straight up toward the distant ceiling. Slowly it moved, when I strapped him wth his head at my crotchet level, I was tempted to thrust my own still-stiff member into that mouth-hole of his hood. I did not yield to this temptation only because of the plans I had for "phase three" of March's try-out.

After releasing him from the wheel and removing the hood, I was ready to get set for the climax of the evening. To this end, I kicked him back to the rack, stretching him on it, this time face down. The length of his naked back, pulled tight and spread-eagled, was exciting to behold. Muscular arms flowed into broad shoulders which in turn tapered to a narrow, sensuous waist. The slight groove down the center of his back disappeared at the point of that rippled-in waist, then reappeared as the deep crease between the two matched mounds of his ass. Long white thighs led down to the big, blackly haired calves. His genitals hung down through the rope webbing

My breath quickened as I selected a long, bent-like whip, two inches wide and a quarter-of-an-inch thick, pierced at intervals with triangular holes. I cracked it experimentally in the air, and Marc's head snapped up. With a sound that was a cross between a whiz and a snap he let it fall down to the rough ropes. A muscle spasm palpitated at the base of his right buttock. He clenched his cheeks several times, rapidly, but the twitch just beneath his skin continued involuntarily. I decided to use that area as the target of my first lick.

Dropping the lash behind my back, I brought it whistling through the air with all my strength. It planted itself forcefully at the exact spot I had determined. The cheeks of his ass flattened out under the force of the blow, and the breath exploded like fire from his lungs with a gout. The lash left a glowing pink mark on the firm white flesh, a glowing pink mark with regularly-spaced white triangles. Again and again I brought the strap down on the stretched and shackled naked boy, first working down the thighs and calves, then up from the base of the cheeks to the apex of those wide shoulders, paralleling the flesh with deep crimson welts.

At each blow, my youthful subject made that same curious sound, the sudden exhalation of breath mingled with a whimper that contained a kernel of capitulating ecstasy. Further, I could see beneath the rack that he had hardened again, his cock springing upward with every blow. The firm buttocks were now tensed to the limit, and I took this as a silent invitation, pledging pleasure and release in return for punishment and humiliation. It was an invitation I planned on accepting at once.

I gripped my cock. Drawn like a tightrope, I lowered myself down onto the waiting, pliant thighs. The marks of the whipping separated as I parted the cheeks of his ass and applied grease to the slender slit secreted there. Then, without warning, I shoved my middle finger as far as it would go into that unprotected aperture and wriggled it around in the sick tightness. Marc gasped momentarily before responding to my invasion with a subtle circular movement of his hips. Encouraging his passionate undulations, I slid two more fingers into him, rubbing the grease on the walls of his orifice as deeply as I could.

Ready now literally to climax the session, I placed the head of my nine-incher against his ready receptacle. In one motion I slammed it all the way home and fell prostrate on his back, reaching under his chest to grab his tits and twist them unmercifully. I lay motionless a few moments, absorbing the warmth of his tingling back into my chest, then slowly lifted my hips off the sleek, white flesh of his ass. My next thrust was as slow and gradual as I could make it, in order to prolong the euphoric entrapment of my stiffened rod within that closely constricted chamber.

Once I was encaged, began now starting my wth a maneuver Marc matched. We lay locked together, our sweat munging, breaths gulping heavily in consort. The total helplessness of the body. I twisted, jolted, and nimbly arms pulled to the breaking point, flesh still bearing the marks of its recent flogging, the cock so sensitive. It then heightened the awareness of my hypersensitive nerve ends. I wth the will at my command to postpone my inevitable eruption.

I groped fitfully at his tits, bit ravenously at the back of his neck, sucked greedily on his ears and nibbled at their lobes. Within the limits of his confinement he pressed up to me, voicelessly urging my utter domination of his subjugated body. Soon, our two movements assumed a concerted rhythm as my in-and-out pumping increased in fury. He met my every plunge, relaxing as I entered, lightening as I withdrew. Faster and yet faster our bodies met and meshed until, with a carnal cry of exultation, I crashed into him a final time, my juice flooding his depths in joyous spurts.

Crushing him to me, I clung to his spread-eagled form until my breathing returned to normal, in a curious way as much his prisoner as he was mine. Then I pulled limply from him and went to the head of the rack, offering my cock to his mouth for a final clean-up before releasing him from his bondage. As he arose painfully, awaiting my permission to get dressed and leave, I noticed splashes of his own cum on the floor under the rack. He raised his head slowly and his eyes yearned into mine.

"Please, Sir, do you think I'll get the part?" he asked.

*to be continued . . .*

# DRUMMER views the Flicks



"ROCKY" by Ed Franklin

Let me get straight to the point and predict flat out that the Charlott-Winkler production of *Rocky* will definitely win an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay (Sylvester Stallone), probably, cop the Best Actor (Stallone, again) and Best Director (John C. Avildsen) Oscars and may just possibly ice the cake as Best Picture of the Year — to say nothing of some additional "possibles" for editing and score. In other words it is a 1976 *On the Waterfront*, a reference that is not coincidental. In both theme and execution *Rocky* commands comparison with the 1954 Brando film, tempered with the sentimental humors of *Marty*.

Quasi-artists are often cautioned "if you're going to copy, copy the best," and Stallone has craftily applied this admonition. From the sure-fire, if sim- plistic, story line of "virtue rewarded" to the gritty location photography (Philadelphia exteriors guaranteed to give members of that cold city's Chamber of Commerce apoplexy), *Rocky* literally rings with remembrances of pleasures past.

No review of this United Artists release would be complete without a brief précis of its genesis, which is, in essence as well as fact, the saga of its progenitor, "Sly" Stallone.

You may recall him as Henry Winkler's

ind Perry King's none-too-bright co-star in *The Lords of Flatbush*, a low-budget flick that enjoyed a modest success a couple of years ago. There followed brief appearances in *Cannonball*, *Death Race 2000*, *No Place to Hide*, *Farewell, My Lovely* and a few equally non-memorable television bits. Through it all, he was busily at work fashioning *Rocky* as a worthy vehicle for himself, a not-unfamiliar exercise indulged in by countless frustrated, self-stroking actors.

But Stallone had balls as well as a near arrogant faith in his ability and his property. As a matter of fact, when one major studio offered him \$300,000 for the script, to showcase one of its own stars, he rejected the small fortune even though he was existing on "Twinkies and warm water" at the time. Ultimately Charlott Winkler, by way of materia scouter Gene Kirkwood, decided to take the total package as presented — at a lesser sum for performer and screenplay together than had been previously quoted for the script alone. The rest, as they say, is history.

Fresh from *Cry Uncle, Joe and Save the Tiger*, director Avildsen was hired, perhaps as much for his reputed ability to keep a lid on the budget as for his less-touted directorial expertise. After all, the producers determined on a budget of only \$1.3 million, with a precedent



breaking personal guarantee for completion money.

Once in the can, *Rocky* was unreleas- ed, metaculously selected media people in a series of artfully constructed screenings and the captive Hollywood grapevine obediently did its predictable job. Word was "leaked" that this movie was something quite special, and one kind of pre-release publicity overkill resulted. A rave review from Gene Shalit brought Stallone to the prestigious *Today* show for an interview which abruptly concluded with a boxing match "Wanna fight?" was his in-character quip.

All part of the image, kids, for to play his role as a third-rate club fighter, Stallone had gone into a "grueling" pre-production physical training regimen of from five to 12 months, depending on whose publicity blurb you read. (The body that resulted is more, shall we say, sturdy than sexy, albeit admirably suited to the role, not unlike that of the younger Rocky (sic) Mariano.)

Which brings us inexorably to the finished product itself, focusing on our swarthy but sensitive protagonist (*Rocky*, proclaimed the "Italian Stallion" on the back of the robe he wears into the ring), who has been netting forty two bucks for an occasional club fight and supplementing this with whatever he can make as the rather ineffective "musc e".

# BOOKS

for a flamboyant loan shark (an on-the-nose characterization by Joe Spinell)

Through a fluke one that requires from the audience an overtly willing suspension of disbelief — Rocky gets a shot at the heavyweight title held by a Muhammad Ali carbon copy, here named Apolio Creed and played with extraordinary verisimilitude by Carl Weathers.

Paralleling the build-up to a poetically choreographed climactic fight (17 pages of descriptive script all pre-visualized by Stallone) which goes the full 15 rounds with nary a moment of boredom, is an ingenious love story, pairing Rocky with a Galatea-accented pet shop clerk nicely delineated by Talia Shire. The stamp of "classic" has already been put on the scene of their first date at an ice-skating rink poignantly emptied because of its being Thanksgiving night (and also, one might add, because the film's budget fortuitously prohibited hiring a lot of extras).

Stallone's performance, in a role handily tailored to his own particular talents, attitudes and presence, if lacking the visceral impact of Ur-Brando, successfully enlists all the audience sympathy and empathy necessary to make the entire enterprise work. Casting throughout the film, in point of fact, is a blazing refutation of the traditional Hollywood reliance on "stars." (Weakest link among the cast, significantly enough, is the one "name" — Burgess Meredith acting the part of Mickey, a lemons gym manager.)

The ending, which I have been pledged not to reveal, is simultaneously upbeat, surprising, logical and emotionally right. Professional craftsmanship, evidenced in virtually every aspect of every frame, has sucked us in over a two-hour (minus one minute nute) period to such a degree that we embrace the resolution as if we had had something very personal at stake.

And, come to think of it, perhaps we do. If, that is, we have "managed against all odds" — as does Rocky — to maintain some small vestige of human sensibility.

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**BEAUTIFUL MEN** by Crawford Barton  
Liberation Publications, Inc., One Panini  
Place, Building 1730, Suite 225, San  
Mateo, California 94402. Very hard-  
bound, unpaginated, \$15.00.

Full-bearded and long-haired, photographer Crawford Barton, given the evidence of his new photo book, *Beautiful Men*, seems to have a natural penchant for leather types. Of approximately 50 models on display, close to one-third can be identified, by props or presence, as active participants in our scene. They, and they alone, provide what little pecker-raising power this over-produced pictorial has to offer.

Let us, as God reportedly said, start at the beginning. In this case it is the volume's cover, a 9 x 12 slice of silvered stock featuring the action profile of a cowboy-hatted and -vested Jan-Michael Vincent. Image beneath the photo, appropriately, appears that promising legend, "Beautiful Men." Not a bad beginning. But in this case, alas, not in the beginning is the end. There is no further appearance, nor mention, in any form, of that aging cover boy (Jan could, and should, sue).

Beauty, granted, is in the eye of the beholder. Still, mass media have been responsible for establishing in our century some minimal but generally accepted basic standards. Few of these are revealed among the majority of males selected by shutterbug Crawford for inclusion in this showpiece. His pretentious Foreword intones that "These are portraits which capture a bit of the real character of each person portraits of the conscious self, shot in a moment of intense awareness of the camera, or else of the sub-conscious self, indifferent to the camera." Bullshit.

On view, rather, is the self-conscious artistry of the photographer, not the artlessness of the subjects.

Nor should you be conned into thinking this is a Dean-like book of nudes. Cocks can be seen oftentimes coyly dimmed and shadowed on only 22 of the 96 unnumbered pages. And even fewer bare asses. Which would all be well and good if the models, clothed or not, came a mite closer to fulfilling the promise of that "Beautiful Men" title. Hell, most of us would salivate over a decent picture of Jan-Michael 'n a parka.

In the tradition of these voyeuristic tomes, there is no text. Models are unidentified, with the exception of a back page of "Acknowledgements" listing, alphabetically, one female and 49 male names. Among them, curiously, is "David Goodstein." Or, perhaps, not so curiously, considering that Liberation Publications, Inc., is homebased cheek by jowl in San Mateo with Goodstein's closely Advocate.

This much must be said: quite a wild variety of youths (estimate of top age 37) are represented. There are willowy young things just a hairpin this side of androgyny, balding gurus, incipient front runners replete with "Charlotte Physica Ed" gym shorts, one uncomfortable looking not too-black, a blonded what-do-you-say-to-a-naked-French-horn-player, and a couple of excessively athletic tree swingers.

To end at the beginning, one Dennis Forbes deserves a modified mousse for his "Edited and Designed" byline. To his credit, the overall look of *Beautiful Men* suffers less from schizophrenia than does the subject matter.

Ed Frank in

# the great escape



PAUL MICHAEL GLASER in the ABC Television production of "HOUDINI." Interesting note is that the above photo was refused DRUMMER by the N.Y. ABC office. The Hollywood office denied the denial, but did not come up with the photo.

Last December 17, at 3:00 P.M., on the stage of Hollywood's Las Palmas Theatre, "Master Escape Artist" Bernie Orlando, an unabashed gay, made his bid for acceptance into the Guinness Book of World Records by freeing himself from a regulation straight jacket in less than the then-existing record of 60 seconds.

His scenario was mettulously organized. A representative of the Citizens Watch Company was on hand as official timer. Media observers included the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, ABC-TV, CBS-TV, local Channel 8, *Drummer*, and others. The prestigious Magic Castle had members among those present. Everything possible was done to assure the honesty and legitimacy of the record-breaking attempt.

Right on cue, Orlando stepped into the spotlight in a yellow jumpsuit—a 5'9", 137-lb. figure with a hugely winning smile. He brought with him a standard straight jacket, 17 feet of heavy chain, and a padlock. After exchanging a few campy quips with the audience, he proceeded with the business at hand. Two strong men, both of whom later signed affidavits that they had never met him before nor had pre-charged with him, strapped the youthful-looking 35-year-old tightly into the jacket, wrapped the chain around him, and snapped closed the padlock.

The timer signaled for the historical attempt to begin. Then, in full view of the media-filled audience, hazel eyes flashing intensely, Orlando began his

rowing task. A most immediately the chains—a showmanly bonus at best—fell to his feet. The seconds ticked by. Sweating and straining, the struggling figure eased one arm free of the restraining canvas. The other was duck's soup. Standing free, he glanced questioningly at the timer.

"Seventeen seconds." A new world record by far!

Suddenly, the carefully prepared scene was shattered. Onto the stage from the audience strode the Magic Castle's Steve Baker, self-appointed "Mr. Escape," claiming that the whole thing was a fraud and challenging Bernie Orlando to get out of the straight jacket and chains that he, the big butch Baker, just happened to have with him.

Thinking quickly, our gay hero made a counter proposal. He would eagerly accept the challenge, but only on a competitive basis. Baker also agreed to attempt a timed escape from Orlando's jacket and chains? With audience "encouragement," there was no alternative. The media were delighted. What had seemed to be, at best, an historical footnote, had now taken on all the trappings of classic drama. Resonances of the heyday of Gorgeous George quivered in the air.

The confrontation began. Orlando submitted himself first, and doffed the alien restraints as if they were just another sequined jumpsuit. Next, the showman Steve Baker, representing who esume



At the end of the Great Escape, witnesses from the media came up to sign the affidavit to Guiness' World Record Book.

The challenger is fastened into Bernie's straight jacket. "Mr. Escape" is Steve Baker from the Magic Castle in Hollywood. Far from equaling Bernie's 17-second record, Mr. Escape never got out of the thing.

Photographer Rob Clayton followed the Challenger backstage to watch the struggle. It was to no avail. A half hour later he conceded

straight society, found himself confined in the straight jacket and chain that had taken happy homosexual Bernie Orlando only 17 seconds to remove.

Beginning his efforts, the challenger puffed and puffed. Under the watchful eyes of the audience, all his pulling and tugging was to no avail. He careened around the stage in his futile efforts bouncing against the back wall, surreptitiously searching for a protruding hook or nail he might use to get a purchase on those nettlesome chains. Close to half an hour elapsed before he was forced to concede and allow Bernie himself to release him.

Later, Bernie, who at one time would actually invite straight audiences to "come tie-up the sissy," admits the enormous satisfaction he derived from the experience at the Las Palmas. "I love to put down the show-offs and big butch macho types," he said in a recent interview. As for Steve "Mr. Escape" Baker, he hasn't been seen at the Magic Castle lately, but Bernie Orlando has been awarded a coveted honorary membership (saving himself a substantial entrance fee).

Bernie Orlando — his real name, incidentally — was born at St. Paul, Minn., in 1942. A placid childhood was brought to sudden life and purpose when he saw the Tony Curtis movie, "Houdini," at the impressionable age of eleven. From that time forward, he had but a single goal in mind, to become an escape artist. (He is quick now to point out that Houdini was

more an "illusionist" than escape artist, relying on "rigged" equipment and performing his spectacular "escapes" out of sight of the audience, behind screens or curtains or walls. Even though stripped and searched, Houdini would have keys or pick wires "up his ass or in his hair," Bernie asserts.)

Once his decision was fixed, our future "Master Escape Artist" went very scientifically about preparing for his career. Remembering from a Chemistry lab experiment that after being soaked in vinegar a raw egg could be pushed through the narrow neck of a bottle without damaging its shell, he drew a parallel between the chemical makeup of that shell and the bones of the human body. "If you want to get out of handcuffs or leg irons or whatever," he concluded, "then you have to be some kind of a con torturist and your bones gotta be pliable."

Accordingly, he embarked upon a routine of downing a shot glass of vinegar every morning. After a couple years of this, he switched to the habit of eating three or four lemons a day — "also good for the complexion," he volunteers. There must be something to it, for in all his life he has never yet had a broken bone of any kind.

After the impact of that "Houdini" movie, he "rehearsed" with friends for about five or six years, having them tie him up in all manner of positions and with all kinds of restraints ("Kids are the most inventive of all, when it comes to

tying you up," he marvels). He first appeared in public with his "act" at a High School assembly, and his success there confirmed his early resolve.

During a hitch in the Navy, as a member of Special Services, he perfected his techniques, performing "in a variety of ways," he chuckles, at Naval bases in such locations as Hawaii and Japan. Upon discharge, he bummed around awhile, then made his professional debut, in drag at a dive bar in San Francisco. "But that drag bit caused too many problems," he reminiscens. "The wig kept slipping around while I was struggling to get out of things. That's when I decided to let my own hair grow this long," and he gestures with lean, well-manicured fingers to his full head of dark brown hair.

Bernie had now been in the Los Angeles area for nearly four years, booked regularly by both straight and gay organizations. He is very up-front about his lifestyle, and especially enjoys doing benefits on behalf of gay charities (on July 20 last year he won an award for "Outstanding Service to the Gay Community"). His costumes range from jump suits through lame bikinis to nothing at all. Working his particular gig in the nude has its hazards, however. He tells of doing an S and M act at the Drake Theatre, in dog collar and on leash, during which struggles "I got a nasty burn on the head of my cock from a light fixture set in the floor!"

His most unnerving experience to date occurred during a special show at Man's



The Great Challenge was well covered by the media. Top: On stage at the Los Palmas. The challenger and record setter square off. (Middle) The challenger grants and groans backstage but

can't get out of Bernie's jacket. (Bottom) Bernie collapses after successfully releasing himself from the second jacket.

County, in Chicago, when some biker type, in trussing him up, added as a final fillip hog-tying his ankles to his neck. "I almost throttled myself getting out of that one," he recalls ruefully. "It's really the hardest of all to escape from. But then I'm a ways uptight before a special stunt about three days before I'm going to do it, the diarrhea sets in and I can't sleep."

He must be doing a lot of running and non-sleeping right now, because the next two "stunts" he has planned both involve working with that most treacherous of all adversaries - fire. In one, he plans to try to escape from a flaming straight jacket while suspended by his ankles. For the other, he is having a 20" x 20" x 40" box constructed of bullet-proof glass. A trough around its perimeter will be filled

with gasoline which, after the totally starstruck Orlando has been confined within, will be ignited. Rots of ruck!

As there are only six or seven authentic escape artists at work in the world today, one of that profession's lesser known drawbacks cannot be too common. Let Bernie explain. "One night I came home after a show, threw all my chains and stuff on the bed, and get cleaned up to go out 'tricking.' I get lucky and make contact with this hunky number at a bar. So, I bring him home."

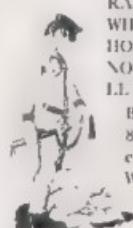
Well, when we go into the bedroom, he takes one look at the stuff on my bed, his face goes all white, and he makes a U-turn right out of there!

*DRLMMR* readers can only conclude that Master Escape Artist Bernie Orlando should choose his bars more carefully.



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# BOOK SECTION

## PLAYWRIGHT

# GEORGE BIRIMISA

# POGEY BAIT

PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME A POWERFUL NEW TWO ACT PLAY ABOUT GAYS AND THE MILITARY

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION BY ROB CLAYTON. The first act, in its entirety, is in this issue. Act II will conclude in DRUMMER issue #1.

Opened at the Las Palmas Theater in Hollywood, California, on November 17, 1976, with the following cast:

Captain Daily: David J. Parrington  
Joey Jurovich: Quentin Yeager  
Dubois Garvey Lambert: Tony Charles  
George Glum: Garry Boone  
Lefty Lefko: Marvin Selby  
Dr. Halberstein: George Souleik  
Directed by the author

We are aboard the *Destroyer*, the U.S.S. Swanton, in the North Atlantic. The time is December 24, 1947. The time, an of the play is seven days. The *Swanton* is on convoy duty and is returning to the States, zig-zagging its way across the Nazi sub infested ocean.

Stage Right is the captain's quarters and his desk. Stage Left is the brig. The lights come up on Captain Daily's office. CAPTAIN DAILY is sitting at his desk as we hear:

There'll be blue birds over

The white cliffs of Dover

Tomorrow just you wait and see

DAILY turns off the short wave radio. Moves back to his desk. He is holding a communiqué in his hand. He picks up picture on his desk

DAILY

(talks to the picture) You didn't think I could do it, did you, Lorna? My first victory! How 'bout that, honey? My first fuckin' victory! That calls for another snort!

There is a knock on the door

In a minute. (puts out cigarette in ashtray. Puts ashtray and bottle in desk drawer, locks drawer) Come in! (no response) Come in!

The door slowly opens. JOEY JUROVICH enters.

JOEY

(*at attention!*) Jurovich, Joseph Charles, reporting, sir!

DAILY

At ease, sailor. Come over here! (JOEY doesn't move) Come here, damn it! (JOEY does) Just received this message from the radio shack. Quite a Christmas present . . . the evaluation of our action at Casablanca in October (reads) Fifteen hundred miles of land secured for the Allies in four days. How bout that, sailor?

JOEY

Ah . . . is that good, sir?

DAILY

It's not good . . . it's great . . . great! Yes, our first action was a complete victory

JOEY

That's wonderful, Captain. Ah . . . I've got to talk to you, sir

DAILY

Sure, sailor. Have a seat.

JOEY

(*first, looks picture of DAILY'S wife*) Is that your daughter, sir?

DAILY

God damnit! That's my wife!

JOEY

She's awfully pretty, sir . . . awfully pretty

DAILY

Well, what did you want to talk about?

JOEY

(almost crying) I'm a . . . I'm a . . .

DAILY

You're a what? You're a what?

JOEY

I'm a . . . I'm a . . . I'm wondering about when we were firing on the shore batteries at Fedala Bay, sir

DAILY

You are? What the hell for?

JOEY

Ah . . . the scuttlebutt was that all we killed was one camel. Is that true, sir?

DAILY

That was a preliminary report, sailor. The final report

JOEY

I was hopin' it was true, sir, because I don't want to kill nobody

DAILY

Don't interrupt me. The final report credited us with knocking out two shore batteries

JOEY

Did we kill any Frenchmen, sir?

DAILY

Five dead and fifteen wounded. Yes a job well done.

JOEY

Sir, there's something I've been trying to figure out. How come we're fighting the French instead of the Nazis? I thought the French were on our side, sir!

DAILY

Simple. When Hitler (*the moves to map upstage*) conquered France he set up the puppet Vichy regime under that traitorous rat, Marshall Petain. Since Morocco is a colony of France, it was under the rule of Petain and the Vichy regime. Therefore, the French in North Africa were taking orders from Petain and fighting on the side of the (JOEY has bolted for the door. He goes out.)

DAILY

(chases him to door) Get your ass back in here. Over there. To the line, sailor. Attention. (JOEY at attention) Reg. as Navy or Reserve?

JOEY

Reserve, sir!

DAILY

Drafted?

JOEY

Volunteered the day after Pearl, sir.

DAILY

For the duration?

JOEY

Yes sir!

DAILY

Rank?

JOEY

Seaman first class, sir!

DAILY

Haven't I seen you in the radio shack, Jurovick? (mispronounces)

JOEY

Yes sir, I'm striking for radioman third class, sir. I pull down a regular 9 on and ten off typing the Morse code, sir.

DAILY

Jurovick . . . Jurovick . . . shit! You're the asshole with the white socks!

JOEY

(raising his pants' leg) I'm wearin' regulation socks, sir!

DAILY

Stop looking at your fuckin' feet! Attention! Yeah, you're the

1 . . . before we left for the invasion I spent weeks getting the

Sw . . . perfect 4.0 rating and then he saw you . . . you and your fucking

white socks. I still don't understand why he stopped in front of you and asked you to pull up your pants so he could see your socks . . . now I remember . . . your shoes . . . they

were stickin' up in front like a gondola . . . they still are . . . they still are . . .

I got flat feet and my shoes always do tha, sir. I can't help it,

DAILY

How in hell did you get into the Navy with flat feet?

JOEY

The recruiting officer said they lowered the standards, sir.

DAILY

They sure did! They ~~sime~~ did! And then . . . Admiral Standish saw your fuckin' white socks . . . why in hell were you wearin' white socks?

I had Athlete foot sir and . . .

DAILY

Ath ate's foot, you asshole . . . now I remember . . . the whole crew was gripin' . . . gripin' about your feet . . . they were stinkin' up the sleeping quarters.

JOEY

The Hospital Corpsman in sick bay gave me orders to wear white socks, sir! Said that the dye in the blue socks was . . .

DAILY

You asshole. You think regulation socks could hurt your fuckin' feet for the two hours of inspection? Do you?

JOEY

I didn't think of that, sir.

DAILY

Think? You don't know what the word means, Jurovick?

DAILY

The word means to form a mental picture in your mind!

DAILY

Shut up! Shut up! (moves to the door) Boy? Buy?

DUBOIS (offstage)

Yes sir, Captain?

DAILY

Coffee, and I want it steamin' hot.

DUBOIS

Comin' right up, Captain, sir!

(Captain moves back to his desk)

DAILY

Out statlin', Jurovick. What in hell did you come in here for?

(pauses) Right now, sailor . . . right now, sailor!

DAILY

I'm going to be late for my shift in the radio shack, sir!

DAILY

I'm giving you exactly ten seconds . . . ten seconds to talk.

JOEY

About what?

DAILY

What in hell you came in here for.

JOEY

I m . . . I m . . .

You're a what . . . you're a what? God damn it, you're a what?

DRUMMER 20

DAILY

None, sir, none.

DAILY

you say you are the sailors'd smell you out right away. They get horny as hell when they're out to sea as long as we've been out with no women



JOEY

No sir I read a lot, sir and I read this book about the English Navy . . . this book said that sodomy is what all the English sailors do to each other when they're out to sea and that is accepted by the top brass . . .

DAILY

You asshole . . . we're American . . . not fuckin' queer Liney's! You dumb jerk. Don't you know that if Lefko were in your shoes he'd spill the beans on you in a minute to save his queer ass?

JOEY

I ain't got no beans to spill, sir! I told you the truth about Lefty.

DAILY

You young little prick. Alright Attention Stomach n' Square those fuckin' shoulders. Straighten that fuckin' back. Those feet . . . straight forward. Name!

JOEY

Jurovich, Joseph Charles, sir!

DAILY

Rank!

JOEY

Seaman First Class, sir!

DAILY

Serial number?

JOEY

662-5342

DAI.Y

42 what?

JOEY

Sir, sir!

DAILY

(looks at watch) It will be seven days, three hours, 11 minutes and 5 seconds until we hit the beach. I'm going to interrogate you every day . . . every day, sailor, until I get the truth out of you. The truth about Hitler. I'm going to break you Jurovick. I want the truth about that double-gated son of a bitch and I'm going to get it. You hear me loud and clear?

JOEY

Yes?

DAILY

Good. You're going to stand at attention for the next two hours. And if you pass out we've got an ocean full of salt water. And then you're going to the brig and you can look forward to your big Christmas dinner tomorrow . . . bread and water. (he smiles. Pauses. Is writing at desk) Merry Christmas, Jurovick!

JOEY

(after a moment looks at Captain Daily) Merry Christmas, sir! They stare at each other as we have the curtain. End of First Scene

Scene Two

We are in the Brig. JOEY is lying on the bunk singing.

JOEY

Mary Elena, you're the answer to a prayer. Mary Elena, can't you see how much I . . . shit. Hey, Buckley? (he gets up)

BUCKLEY (offstage)

Ain't supposed to talk to v., Mac

JOEY

Merry Christmas, anyway.

BUCKLEY

Same to you, Mac.

JOEY

The name's Jurovich.

BUCKLEY

What, Mac?

JOEY

It's Mac this . . . Mac that . . .

BUCKLEY (offstage)

Ain't a good time, Gium. I go off in half an hour.

GUM (offstage)

No sweat, Mac. I'll only be a few minutes. (GUM enters.) Drop your cock and grab your socks! Yep, it's the one and only pencil pusher!

JOEY

Hi, Gium. You here to take me to the old fart for another going over?

GUM

Shit no. I just came to see how you're doing.

DRUMMER R 22

JOEY

It's like this, Gium. (Picks up plate with bread in it Points at it) This is my Christmas turkey . . . see . . .

GUM

Looks like bread to me.

JOEY

Candied yams . . . and mince pie for dessert.

GUM

No pumpkin pie?

JOEY

Would you like some?

GUM

You were always a kidder, joey.

JOEY

You got a cigarette?

GUM

Can't smoke at sea . . . makes me seasick.

JOEY

Me, too, but I can't stop, especially when I think of all those fuckin' Nazi subs down there.

GUM

Smokin' Loker! I got somethin' for you! (Pulls it out of shirt) It's Spun. Preve (Throws it to JOEY) A' I could get

JOEY

Would you ask Mac out there for a cigarette? I'm going batty.

GUM

Sure thing. (he exits)

JOEY

(alone — sings) Whistle while you work. Hitler is a jerk. Mussolini bit his weenie, now it doesn't squirt.

GUM

(moves back in) What did you say?

JOEY

Everybody wants to know what I'm saying when I'm singing.

(JUM gives JOEY cig. JOEY holds it up at his crotch. Is jerking it off) Smokin' a Spud while I beat at my pud. (Moves toward GUM, still jerking off) Smokin' a Spud while I beat at my pud! (right up to GUM's face)

GUM

(pushes him away) Cut it out. You okay? Ain't much time and I got a lot to tell ya.

JOEY

So tell me.

GUM

The Captain's out to get you, Joey.

JOEY

No shit!

GUM

I just left him.

OLY

Why in hell was he talkin' to you?

GUM

It's like this. He's callin' you up to o800. Since I'm yeoman I gotta be there to write everything down.

JOEY

You gonna be there?

GUM

Yeah. He's gonna work on you all day. It gives me the w'llies.

JOEY

That bad, huh? I thought he was just gonna put me in here for a day or so . . . you know?

GUM

He's a tough old bird . . . gonna make you tell your story over and over and then try to trap you with your own words.

JOEY

The son of a bitch.

GUM

It was a swell idea when you thought of it but it ain't gonna work, Joey.

OLY

What are you talkin' about?

GUM

You giving Daily that line of shit.

OLY

What line of shit?

GUM

You know what the fuck I'm talking about.

OLY

You mean that I'm a homosexual?

Continued on page 44

# LEATHER JOURNAL

by Toby Bailey and Bernie Prock



Our heroes get it on at the BEVERLY CINEMA in a production of "WALK ON THE WILD SIDE" — all live and mostly leather. Middle figure is Jeff August.

The leather exhibitionist is truly an artist in his own right. Although many men would like to do what he does, and some have the masculine good looks which most gay men appreciate, most lack the self-confidence to be able to carry it off.

Leathersex and exhibitionism are crotch-kissing cousins. As more leathermen become open to others and public acceptance increases, more doors are opening for men who are turned on by erotic exhibitionism.

These choice few are not your run of the mill "go-go boys," but masculine men who may or may not be able to dance a step. These men relate to turning hot sex

fantasies into theatrical reality in front of a live audience. The true leather exhibitionist delights in the opportunity to strip naked and do his own thing before appreciative onlookers.

At theatres or at private functions and parties these leather performers attract a crowd of hot, masculine, experimental voyeurs. These same men, who could care less about seeing some nelly queen performing amateur ballet are turned on to masculine acts involving leather, uniforms, bondage, and discipline. Already such names as Big Dave Warner, Duncan Hard, and Jack Wrangler have become living legends in leather among voyeuristic buffs and the gay leatherworld.

With the aid of elaborate costumes of a rugged and masculine air, or totally naked, they create a scene lit with rich but subdued lighting and backed by heavy sensual music these studs are able to work themselves and the audience to an erotic and sensual peak of animalistic excitement. Alone or with a partner, moving to the sensual rhythms of the music or starkly ignoring it, oiled bodies shimmering in the stage lights, they lead the audience as if hypnotized into a sex-charged world of dominance and submission.

Evoking and embracing the atmosphere of kinky macho leathersex these performers control and submit to the sexual living environment which they have created. These leather exhibitors not only draw, but hold the captivated audience by displaying their hard taunt, and sexually excited naked bodies.

The leather performer puts his mind into a psyched state of realization that the audience is turned on by what he is doing because he himself is turned on. As the sex charged energy surges through his body and the stud stands before his audience his hot stiff rod and quivering body tell them, "Well, here it is. You ke it don't you?"

Some exhibitionist shows are well planned, others totally spontaneous. To further illustrate the world of leather exhibitionism we'd like to relate a fantasy about some people who went to a racy party at a mansion in the Hollywood Hills. As the evening progressed, one young stud was wandering about the household of gay men, clad only in jockey shorts.

I stepped into a large dark room crowded with men. Moving among the hot throng I came to a stage in the center of the room, hit by small red pin-spots from all directions. I began to sway to the hot, heavy, sensuous music which filled the room.

"Go ahead, Bernie, give them a show," some stud said. A dozen helping hands pushed me onto the stage.

"Suddenly there I was, standing under the spotlights in my underwear. A hundred or more men stood watching, waiting to see what I had to offer."

Moving and turning to the music I began to slip my briefs off. As I showed my bare ass to the crowd my cock began to swell and jut out against the loose pouch of cloth which now covered only my cock and balls. Standing totally still I lowered the shorts along the length of my hardening cock down to the tip. As my stiff tool sprang free I pulled the jockey shorts off and threw them into the audience.

"I sank to my knees and began to slowly stroke my shaft as hungry eyes watched. One hunky dude smeared some lubricant on my hand, while another pushed an inhaler under my nose. 'Get it on, dude,' the latter encouraged me in a husky voice."

There facing me was a handsome, rugged, mustached leatherman. He was dressed in levis and boots. A leather vest partially covered his muscular torso.

"Sock it to him, Toby," someone shouted to the leatherstud.

*Continued on page 30*

D R U M M E R 23

# BLACK

There was a time when being captured by pirates was the most awful fate that could befall a seagoing traveler or professional sailor. Pirates were notorious for revelling in sadistic treatment of captives, and among their number the one who dubbed himself "Blackbeard" became the most fearsome of his breed.

In *Famous Pirates of the New World*, A.B.C. Whipple estimates that "piratical acts happened as often as half-a-dozen times a day in the Caribbean for more than a hundred years . . . In the late seventeenth century, through the eighteenth century, and even into the early years of the nineteenth, pirates swept through the Caribbean and along most of the coast of North America."

It is instructive to learn that this most violent of pursuits was born in violence. During the great Age of Exploration, the Spanish claimed most of the land in the Caribbean and the Spanish explorers had discovered most of it. Then, explorers and soldiers of fortune from other nations, principally Britain, tried to settle on some of the land, and a long running war broke out.

According to Frank R. Stockton (*Buccaneers & Pirates of Our Coast*), the first pirates who made themselves known in American waters were the buccaneers whose name "was derived from the French word *boucaneur*, signifying a 'driver of beef'." What we have in the derivation of this name is proof that the entire breed was bred in violence; it seems that some of the West Indies Islands were virtually overrun with wild cattle because of the fact that the Spaniards, largely through enslavement, decimated the native populations, and so had left the interior of the islands to the rapidly increasing herds of cattle.

Trading vessels which sailed to that area, Stockton explains, were manned by bold and daring sailors, and when they knew that Hispaniola contained an abundance of beef cattle they did not hesitate to stop there to replenish their stores. The natives were skilled in the art of preparing beef by smoking and drying it . . . but so many vessels came that there were not enough people left on the islands to do all the hunting and drying that was necessary, so these trading vessels frequently anchored in some quiet cove, and the crews went on shore and devoted themselves to securing a cargo of beef; thus they became known as "beef drivers," or buccaneers.

Goaded by a state of maritime warfare grew up between Spain and the beef traders of other nations; and "from being obliged to fight, the buccaneers became glad to fight. True to her policy of despotism and cruelty when dealing with her American possessions," Stockton continues, "Spain waged a bitter and bloody war against the buccaneers . . . and, in return, the buccaneers were just as bitter and savage in their warfare against Spain. The cruelty and ferocity of Spanish rule had brought them into existence, and it was against Spain and her possessors that the cruelty and ferocity which she had taught them were now directed . . . The buccaneers were fierce and reckless fellows who pursued their daring occupation because it was profitable, because they had learned to like it, and because it enabled them to wreak vengeance upon the common enemy."

The buccaneers were not unlike our cowboys of the old west, "a rough sort of fellows, in appearance as well as action, endeavoring in every way to let people know that they were absolutely free and independent of the manners and customs as well as the laws of the native countries . . . while the

Spaniards robbed and ruined the natives of the lands they s covered, the buccaneers robbed the robbers." When men are bent on vengeance, and feel themselves completely free from moral and legal restrictions on their actions, violence is bound to ensue.

And so, indeed, it happened, as the "buccaneers" evolved into "privateers," who were actually licensed to take ships of enemy nations, and finally into "pirates." It should be made clear that the pirates were neither buccaneers nor privateers; they were, in Whipple's phrase, "plain outlaws of the sea," eager for the hot work of hand-to-hand combat on the decks of Spanish ships, described as "throwing aside their coats and shirts . . . and with their cutlasses in their hands and their pistols and knives in their belts, scrambling up the sides of ships like half-naked beasts . . . sparing only those who were able-bodied and could work for them," but first stripping them "of everything they possessed, even their clothes."

The strength, toughness and extraordinary vitality of these "feline human beings who were known as pirates" had often occasioned astonishment in more ordinary people. "The sun-tanned and hairy bodies," Stockton further reports, "seemed to be made of something like wire, leather, and rubber, upon which the most tremendous exertions and even the infliction of severe wounds made but little impression." And, within this resiliant body was a man whose greatest object in life was "to wage bitter war against the Spaniard." He seldom gave any quarter to his prisoners and would often subject them to horrible tortures to make them to where he could find the things he wanted. When he captured a prisoner, it seemed to delight his soul as much to torture and mutilate him as to take whatever valuables he possessed.

Before the regular allotment of shares was made, the claims of the wounded were fully satisfied according to their established code. For the loss of a right arm a man was paid about \$600, or 6 slaves (his choice of the prisoners), for a left arm, \$500 or 5 slaves; for left leg, \$400 or 4 slaves, for an eye or a finger, \$100 or 2 slaves. Then the rest of the money and spoils were divided among all. (Author's note: That pirates kept their own slaves would seem to be rooted, as Richard Hough asserts in *Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian*, in the fact that "the tradition of slave-manning of British war ships died hard . . . generally the common crew were still, in 1787, treated like slaves.")

The buccaneers of the West Indies and South America grew to be a most formidable body of reckless freebooters. From merely capturing Spanish ships laden with the treasures taken from the natives of the new world, they grew strong enough to attack Spanish towns and even cities, spreading themselves over the watery world. As the southern part of North America was settled, Charles Town (now Charleston) grew to be a port of considerable importance. "The pirates," says Stockton, "left as much at home in this region as when it was inhabited merely by Indians."

From this cruel cauldron emerged "Blackbeard," whose real name, most people said, was Edward "Ned" Teach, a though it is also variously reported as having been Thatch or Tache. He had grown up in the streets of Bristol, England as a starving orphan. He finally escaped by shipping out as a cabin boy on a vessel bound for the West Indies where he then deserted and set out to make his career. Whipple relates that one of the up-and-coming desperados of the West Indies was a tough old pirate named Ben Hornigold (sic). "Always on the

# ABUSERS IN HISTORY FAMOUS sadists in BEARD

alert for the young criminals of his time, Hornigold spotted Ned as a likely prospect and took him on as an apprentice.

"His trust was well founded. Ned proved to be one of the cruelest attackers and dastiest fighters it had been Hornigold's pleasure to watch in action. A crack shot, Ned could pick off a small child on a merchantman's deck 100 yards away on a tossing sea. Too good to be an apprentice for long . . . within a few months his pupil announced that he wanted to strike out on his own. That was when he took the name Blackbeard.

He adopted his nickname because he figured it would strike terror into the hearts of all who met him, according to Whipple. "He grew one of the thickest beards ever seen in history . . . about all that could be seen of his face were a huge twisted nose and bulging bloodshot eyes, set off by jutting ears. The beard and hair were usually matted, since he used them for wiping his hands while eating or fighting. His clothes were pinned or tied together where they had been torn, streaked with garbage and blood."

"His usual method of boarding a ship was to make his appearance even more impressive by sticking slow-burning matches in his hair and lighting them . . . matches at that time being like the wick on a bomb or stick of dynamite. They made a sizzling crackling sound and filled the air with sulfur fumes . . . Across his brown breast he carried a sort of a sling in which hung not less than three pairs of pistols in leather holsters, and these, in addition to his cutlass and a knife or two in his belt, made him a most formidable-looking fellow."

Besides that, however, as historian Stockton avers, "his reputation for ingenious wickedness spread all over the West Indies . . . all the barbarities, the brutalities, and the fiendish cruelty which have ever been attributed to the pirates of the world were embodied in the character of this inhuman wretch. It was his pleasure, when a poor victim had nothing to tell, to tear out his tongue with his own hands, and it is said that on some occasions his fury was so great that he would cut out the heart of a man and bite at it with his great teeth . . . while torturing people to make them tell where they had hid their treasures, nothing was too vile or wicked . . . If someone hesitated to part with a ring, Blackbeard settled the argument with one chop of his cutlass off came ring, finger and all. It all added up to make Blackbeard the most infamous pirate of all time and the most successful . . ."

Even Blackbeard's hours of rest, when he was not fighting or robbing or torturing, his savage soul demanded some interest or excitement, albeit his humor at such times seems rather heavy-handed. Two instances of this are extremely well documented. On one occasion, when a crewman pointed out that if they lost a certain battle they would all fry in hell, Blackbeard's answer was a "devilish" practical joke.

"Come, let us make a hell of our own," he said, "and try how long we can bear it."

He then forced his entire crew to troop below to the stifling hold. There he ordered brimstone pots lighted. In a few minutes, the smoke had everybody coughing and crying. Tears rolled from Blackbeard's eyes, too, but he gave no sign of having had enough. Finally, "after half his men had suffocated," the weaker members gave up and broke into the open, choking and gasping in the pure air on deck. Blackbeard was the last to lumber up the gangway.

On another occasion, "after a few mugs of rum," he pulled off one of his weirdest practical jokes. As he and a few of his

men sat around a table in his cabin, Blackbeard suddenly leaned forward, blew out the lamp, crossed two pistols under the table and fired. One bullet plunked into the cabin bulkhead. The other shattered the kneecap of first mate Israel Hands. To his pained, puzzled question, Blackbeard replied with a roar of laughter:

"If I didn't kill somebody now and then," he shouted, "you'd forget who I am!"

The captain of a pirate ship, it is true, had to be the most severe and rigid man on board, and, so, at the slightest sign of insubordination his men were put in chains or flogged. Blackbeard is reputed to have run the tautest of ships, and his orders were not to be questioned. Any crewman suddenly found himself hung to the shrouds by his wrists. While he swung back and forth with the motion of the ship, his feet just off the deck, his shirt was ripped away and the knotted ropes of the cat-o'-nine-tails laid onto his bare back. His screams gradually faded as the whip beat him into unconsciousness. Finally there was nothing but the swish-plop of the "cat" and the trickle of blood on the deck. He was ordered cut down and salt water splashed onto his back. That brought him to, shrieking in agony as he was hauled away and dumped in his hammock.

Hough, however, maintains that "flogging in itself did not create disaffection. Flogging was just one of the accepted unpleasant aspects of life at sea, like weevils in the bread or a squall off a lee shore . . . by the 18th Century standards in the Royal Navy, 100 lashes must be regarded as a savage and exceptional punishment. None of Captain Bligh's own men received at one time more than two dozen, even for the most heinous offence. Still, Winston Churchill's definition of the Navy's record as resting on 'rum, sodomy and the lash' at the end of the 18th Century is superbly apt."

It was against his hapless captives, however, that Blackbeard proved most vicious, especially during the time in the early 1700s when he made his headquarters in one of the inlets on the North Carolina coast and ruled there as absolute dictator. His own large ship (in 1717, the Queen Anne's Revenge), boasted 40 cannons, and, with three smaller ships under his command, he held total power over 400 men . . . their lives or their deaths, their well-being or their punishments.

Flogging with the traditional cat-o'-nine-tails was a most common sight aboard a pirate ship, whether applied to force prisoners to speak, or to punish members of the crew. The following detailed description of the fabrication of the "cat" is most comprehensive.

"Beside [the flogger] on the deck was a piece of thick rope a couple of feet long and an inch in diameter. This was for the handle. From a coil of braided line Evans had already cut nine pieces, each just over two feet long and a quarter of an inch in diameter. These would form the tails . . . He picked up the length of thick rope and put it across his knees. From the brim of his tarred hat he took a sailmaker's needle and threaded it with twine . . . He made a sailmaker's whipping at one end of the rope, preventing the strands coming undone . . . Then he patiently whipped one end of each of the nine tails. When he dropped the last one on deck he stuck the needle back in his hat."

"He held the handle between his knees, the whipped end hanging down, the other end conveniently placed to work on unlacing the three strands of the rope for a couple of inches,

# HISTORY'S FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY

he took one of the tails and worked the unwhipped end between the unlined strands of the rope in the fashion of a lasso, so it held. Holding it in place with one hand he did the same with another, then a third and fourth until all nine had been spliced into the rope handle.

"After retrieving the needle from his hat and rethreading it, he ran a few stitches through each tail where it was spliced into the main, which now had a circumference of 12 inches and another an inch further down. There'd be no chance of the tails pulling out."

"After inspecting it carefully he put the cat down on the deck and took up a roll of red baize material. Measuring the handle against the material, he used an enormous pair of sail maker's scissors to cut off a strip just long and wide enough to wrap right around it. He then wrapped the material round the handle like a stocking, joining it by stitching a seam along the entire length. With the thread cut and the needle stuck back in his hat he held up the finished cat."

*(Author's note: Depending either on the seriousness of the crime or the innate savagery of the flogger, it was the custom to put one, two or three knots into each tail; and, in some cases, to imbed lead into the tips.)*

The position of the victim varied with the nature of the vessel. "In larger ships it was usual to tie one of the gratings covering a hatch and stand it vertically against the bulwark or the fore bulkhead. The man to be flogged was made to stand spread-eagled against the grating, and his hands and feet fastened to it, the gridded wooden bars making it easy to pass the bindings. Because he was held hard up against the gratings, the victim could not move an inch to absorb any of the crushing weight of the blows."

"But using the capstan, a common practice in smaller ships, was different. The capstan bars, each six feet long, were set into the capstan to project horizontally, like the spokes of a wheel lying on its side, at the height of a man's chest. For flogging, only one bar was shipped and the man stood with his chest hard up against the bar, arms stretched along it on either side. He was then secured to it by seizures round his wrists and just above his elbows."

Whether a man to be punished or tortured was completely stripped or not seems to have been a matter of choice and circumstance. In the Royal Navy, standard practice was to strip off only the shirt, with a thick leather "apron" provided and tied over the lower part of the back to prevent damage to the kidneys. Blackbeard, however, was more apt to opt for total nudity - chances being, in any event, that the captive had been relieved of all his clothing upon first having been taken.

There is a report of one unfortunate, remembered only as "Isaah," who was flogged by a six-foot whip of heavy leather while clanged helplessly to the mainmast. "When they ripped his clothes from his body it was so quiet on deck that there was no sound but the tearing of the cloth, and Isaah braced himself for what he was beginning to realize would be a terrible ordeal. The whip sang through the air and cut cruelly into his back. He had tried to prepare himself for the shock of the first blow, but the pain that spread from his lacerated back through his whole body was so intense that he was afraid he would become sick to his stomach."

Again the heavy leather thong cut through the air and seemed to land in precisely the same place as the first. Isaah clenched his fists, but was unaware of the metal chains digging into his wrists. The only reality was his own agony, and multi-colored lights danced before his eyes . . . another swing and the leather cut deep into his back . . . He felt as though his knees could no longer support his weight . . . The chains alone held him upright, and he leaned gratefully against the main mast . . . waves of pain making it impossible for him to think, to carry . . .

"Someone shouted, and it suddenly occurred to Isaah that he had heard his own voice. He had screamed as the lash descended on his back, and he clamped his jaws together tightly. He wanted to escape from the whip, but the rawhide found its mark again and left a vivid, fresh welt across his back. The pain was intense. He was moaning, and would be

glad to die long before the torture ended . . ." (Description courtesy of *The Yankee Brig*, less well known than the milder descriptions in *Two Years Before the Mast and Mutiny on the Bounty*.)

Another description of a seaman tied to the mainmast and strapped to the waist during this period in history refers to the whipping "shock with every blow . . . and . . . He brought the whip forward. There was a swish, a slap and a moan as the man bit off a scream . . . At the count of 50 the man's back was a wash of red that flowed in lines drawn over his pants. The captain said 'Stop. Can he take the rest?'"

"The ship's surgeon listened to the man's breathing and nodded. 'Continue, but on his legs.'

"The man's pants were pulled down. The seaman with the whip did the same to his legs as he had done to his back. Around stroke 90, the man passed out.

Another piratical punishment borrowed from the Royal Navy was keelhauling. The usual procedure was to tie one leg to a naked man's feet and another to his wrists. The man was then thrown overboard at the bow of the ship and dragged underneath the ship and pulled out the stern. Two things determined the speed of the man's progress: First, the condition of the ship's bottom. If the ship had been long at sea and its bottom fouled with barnacles, the man would come out lacerated by hundreds of small cuts which almost always festered. If the ship had a clean bottom, the man would emerge only half-drowned.

The other factor was the length of time the man was under water. If he were a popular member of the crew, his mates would not mind the long hauls and the chances of survival were good. If he were disliked they might dawdle at the job, and if they took more than two minutes the man usually was dead. Few sailors of the time could swim, and they had an enormous fear of the water. If they became panicky and screamed and fought the punishment, almost always they had too little air in their lungs to carry them through the nightmare of keelhauling, during their bumping, twisting, painful trip down the ship's keel.

An especially vivid fictional account of the experience follows. "So it is that he is stripped and strapped to a leather harness attached to a rope on a winch. The spokes of the wheel to which he is fastened drag across the surface of the deck, his back to the wooden sides of the barge. His last view of the world is topsy-turvy . . . But as the waters touch his hair he takes a deep gulp of air and manages to close his mouth just as his lips go under the surface.

"First, he feels the splinters and nail-heads on the side of the barge tear at his back. He opens his mouth to scream, but the water has already reached his nostrils and mouth. Then the blood begins to hammer at his right temple, then in his cheeks, then his heart. His shins are still above water, dry. Winch faster, damn you! Do you want to kill me?"

"Spine begins arching backwards on the keel . . . Body sticks on iron pack, halts, jerks on . . . Air in mouth stales . . . Lungs pump and pump faster and faster . . . less and less air . . . Hurry, hurry . . . Head hits keel, bends forward, bumps over iron, floats a little up . . . Air!"

Walking the plank was a favorite device of the pirates whenever they had no other way of disposing of their prisoners. "The unfortunate wretches," Stockton tells us, "with their hands tied behind them, were compelled one by one to mount a plank which was projected over the side of the vessel and balanced like a seesaw, and when, prodded by knives and cutlasses, they stepped out upon this plank, of course it tipped up and down and they went into the sea."

Hanging by the thumbs was one of Blackbeard's less orthodox ways of inducing a recalcitrant captive to talk. The hands of the naked unfortunate were first bound together and the slim, strong cord that was wound tightly around his fingers was run over a yardarm and pulled taut, so that he was lifted no more than a few inches from the deck. The cord was tied off, and there he dangled. One such instance reports a man hanging thus for a period of no less than seven days! "Once each day he was fed greasy slops out of a bowl, and he swallowed because he was hungry. Not once in that time did

# FAMOUS SAINTS IN HISTORY

he lose consciousness, though it must be admitted he drowned off."

A first person account informs us of yet another innovation. "I was stripped naked, lashed to the stern of the long boat, and rowed up and down the swamp-bordered channel of a river for three hours. It was a fiendish torture. A cloud of mosquitoes and other insects settled on every inch of my body. I felt myself swelling like a goatskin filling with water, and my cheeks came up over my eyes so that I was a most blinded."

And here is a variation of this torture: "He was tied naked to the bowsprit of the pirate's vessel, lying on top of the round log-like projection at the bow of the boat with ropes around his legs and body, but none confining his hands. The position made him a wide-open target for the Caribbean's torrential rains and the smile of its soaring sun. He experienced an eternity of each, but nothing at all in the line of food and only such water as found his mouth when it rained."

"A knife had been put near his hand and he could have ended his ordeal any time he wished by stabbing himself to death or cutting himself free and dropping into the shark and baracuda-cluttered waters below. The one thing he wasn't permitted to do was come back on deck. A man with a cutlass had been stationed there to see that he didn't try."

It is further reported of Blackbeard's creativity that "the members of one crew were tied in sacks and dumped over board" and also that "the captain and two mates of one particular crew were tied to the windlass of their ship and used for target practice." Conspicuous by their absence are contemporary reports of sexual abuse, almost certain to have been a means of revenge by female-deprived seamen when confronted with the naked and helpless bodies of their prey. We can justifiably assume that such were the nature of the hideous and indescribable indignities heaped upon captives that the 18th century sensibilities recoil from detailing.



Blackbeard met his Waterloo in the person of one Lt Robert Maynard, on the afternoon of November 21, 1718 at Ocracoke Inlet, his once-safe hide-out. Whipple describes the scene when Blackbeard manages to board the vessel that has almost trapped him: "Blackbeard's grappling irons clamped across Maynard's bulwarks and 23 shouting, shooting pirates thundered aboard the sloop, and a vicious fight ensued."

Blackbeard preferred the heavy, broad-bladed cutlass. It had authority . . . even its flat side could bash in a man's head. A clean swipe which hit where it ought to, just at the Adam's apple, nearly always chopped off the man's head in one blow . . . plus, the sight of the gory damage done by the cutlass usually took the fighting spirit out of anybody who tried to defend himself. But, a cutlass weighed ten pounds about the weight of five baseball bats, to be wielded by one hand . . . and Blackbeard tired.

"He was killed in this memorable encounter, finally stung the deck with five bullets and 20 other wounds in him. Apparently he had actually died standing up. Those pirates captured alive were brought to trial and hanged."

There was only one who escaped the scaffold: Israel Hands who had been taken ashore so that a doctor could treat his shattered knee.

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# ASTROLOGIC

PISCES (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20):

S—Looking ahead to Valentine's day, treat the old one or someone you love.

M—With the fish as your symbol, you have a natural attraction for water. Learn to do the backstroke in public areas.

ARIES (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19):

S—The year may be new but your sex life will probably be the same old shit. Don't stick your dick in weird strangers unless they beg you to.

M—Things could be getting better for you this year. Keep alert for exciting new experiences from mean old Masters.

TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May 20):

S—Don't be surprised to find things getting harder this year. Lookout for resistant slaves and resistant VD struts.

M—Things will probably be getting harder for you, too, but you'll just get off on it.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 21):

S—New adventures are prophesied this month. Wear an image and don't get caught with your pants down, especially around a vacant rock.

M—Stay out of baths, backrooms and cafes for awhile—your hole a much-needed winter's nap.

CANCER (June 22 - July 21):

S—Share your talents with others. Give someone an orgasm who's never had one... or better yet, who doesn't want one.

M—Avoid putting dangerous foreign objects into your body this month. Be especially wary of cracked ear rings, shaved alpacas and Arabian horses.

LEO (July 22 - Aug. 21):

S—This is an especially romantic month. Beware of falling for tall, dark strangers with latent sadistic streaks. To prove please Connie Francis: "Everybody's Somebody's M."

M—Don't worry about it... you're already everybody's M.

VIRGO (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22):

S—Things may seem a bit rough and trying this month but with the proper tools, you can whip anything that comes your way.

M—if you're into the whipping scene, cause a problem for a Virgo S (if such a thing really exists).

LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22):

S—This can be a good time for making over your preferably yours and someone else's.

M—Good news—something hot and powerful is coming your way. You'll know it when it hits you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 - Nov. 21):

S—For the holidays, do something symbolic. Wear Valentine's Day mosaics for the Nordic hell-of-it.

M—Start off this year looking for a new job with lots of work, no room for advancement and one that is more suited to your slave status. Ever consider picking cotton in Georgia?

SAINTS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21):

S—Be creatively cruel. Force someone you hate to wear Jade East cologne to a very rough leather bar.

M—Your love of adventure will lead you on braving reefs through the best dungeons in town. Keep your eye off.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20):

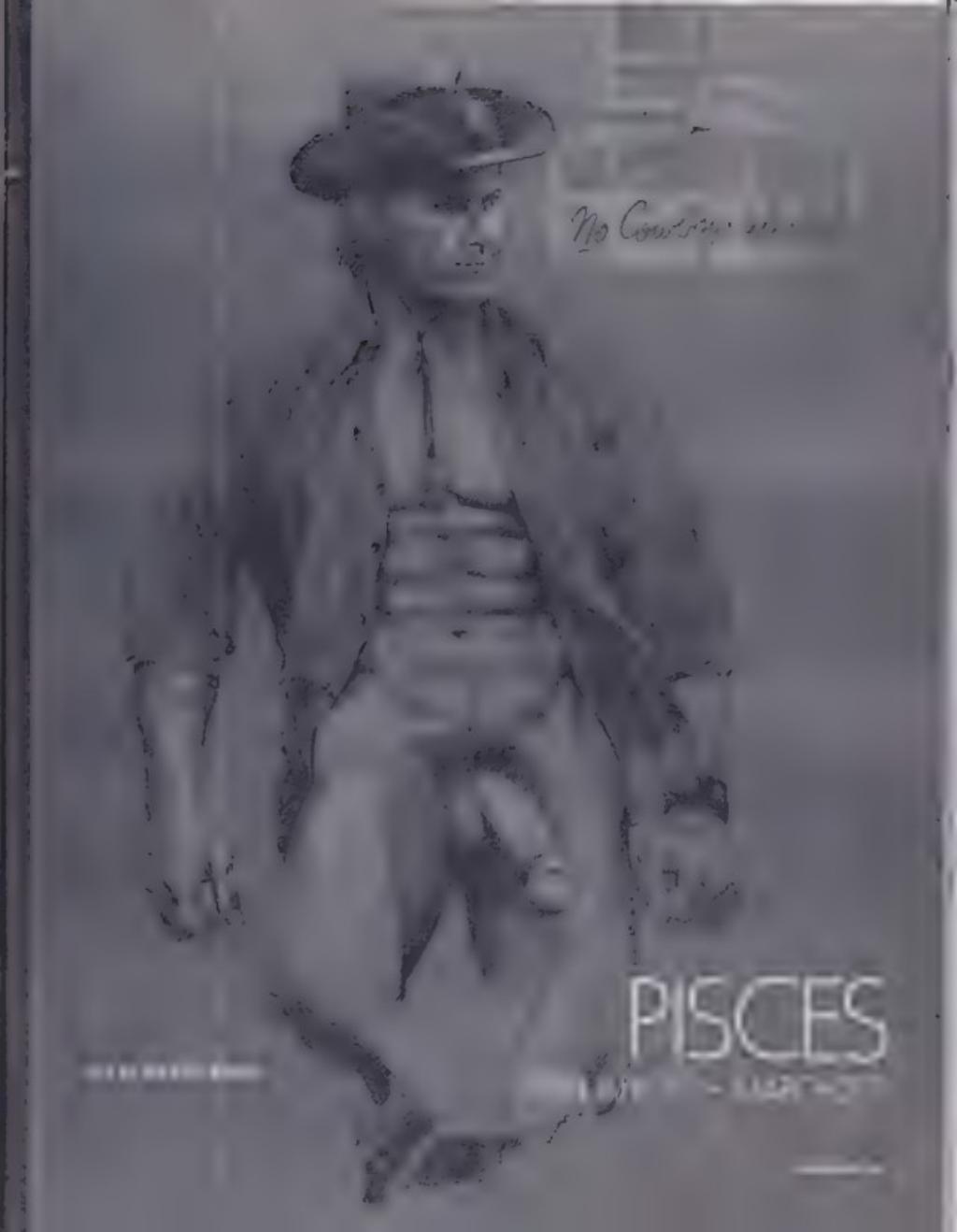
S—Get into a new business venture. Try publishing your personalized golden shower queen.

M—Get a part-time job as an AIDS hooker and find suburban neighborhoods.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19):

S—Next time you stand on craggy peaks overlooking a city later that you have syphilis and have named their names to the county health department.

M—Start a chain letter going exchanging dirty jerk stories of so you'll have enough to get you off.

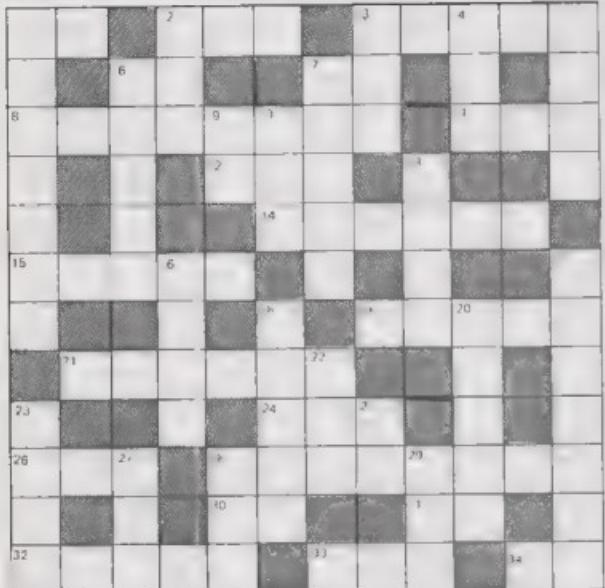


No Cover

PISCES

March 21 - April 19

# CROSS WORDS

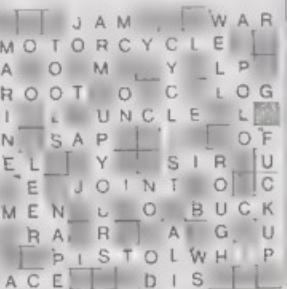

**ACROSS**

- Gestapo
- Future Farmers of America
- Restraint
- Switch Hitter
- Stink
- Country Fuck
- G-Man
- Owed
- Son n F\*ck
- D spusted
- 4-F
- Lants
- Piddle e
- Jack
- Uncut
- would Posteur
- Since
- Lusty
- Strike
- We

**DOWN**

- Blow
- Five Spot
- Ball or Stick
- Bark
- Spike
- Burn Into
- Bag
- Heavy Duty
- House
- Stupely
- Secondhand
- Rope Parts
- Shovel (i.e. shirt)
- Screws
- Hearing Aide
- Whip
- Prefix, Again
- Respectful Title
- Crotch
- Squatted

ANSWERS FOR  
LAST PUZZLE



## THE LEATHER EXHIBITIONIST

LeatherJournal      Continued from page

"Whatever you want," I added, adoring the lean, muscular man through a haze of amyl and lust.

"Just keep stroking, fucker." I gladly did as he said while he removed his boots, then climbed onto the stage and stood before me.

"I kneeled before him, stroking my meat, and he began to strip as I and the horny crowd of voyeurs watched. He pulled off his vest, showing his well-etched chest and rippling stomach muscles. Unbuckling his leather belt he unbuttoned his levis. Then he pulled his large swelling tool from his pants and brushed the head of it across my lips.

"That's going up your ass, fucker. Make love to it." Pulling off his levis he stood above me, totally naked. He grabbed my head with one strong hand and ordered me to fuck his cock and balls in his other hand he held a belt.

"Now suck it, fucker!" Toby rammed his cock deep in my throat and fucked my face as he beat my butt with the belt, making my bare ass red and hot.

"Toby stepped back and then pushed me face down on the stage. Straddling me he began to work his big cock deep inside me, fucking me thoroughly as I moaned and begged for more.

"After an ecstatic eternity of total fuck he rode me to the brink of orgasm, pulled his cock from my ass and shot cum all over my back, then rammed back inside me.

"As soon as the aftershocks subsided Toby slid off the stage. 'Keep stroking, Bernie,' he ordered as he gave me another sniff from his snifter.

"I knelt before the waiting men, jacking off as cum dripped from my ass and streams of sweat poured down my body. A powerful orgasm seemed to well up deep inside me, then surge upward and explode, as my cum shot out over the edge of the stage.

"Toby and I sat on the edge of the stage. 'Someone seems to have taken our clothes,' he informed me.

"'What'll we do?'

"Let's run outside naked and fuck on the front lawn."

"Of course I'd never do anything like that!"

Bernie Prock and Toby Bailey









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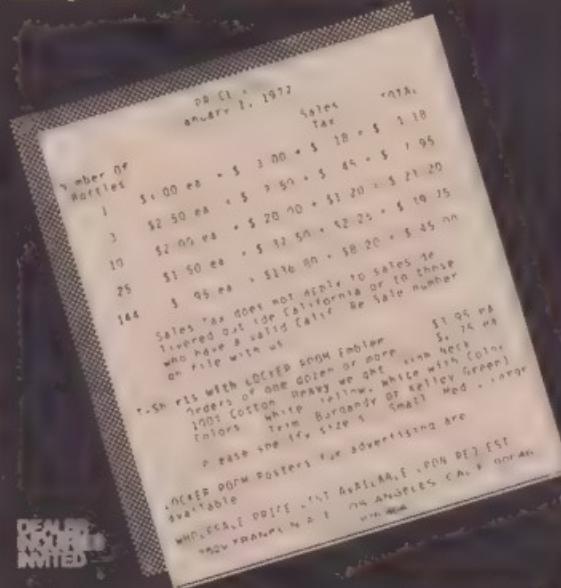
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A black and white photograph showing a woman in a cowboy hat and a man in a tuxedo standing in a field. The woman is leaning against a wooden fence post, looking down at the man who is kneeling in front of her, holding her hands.

# CHANGAN' TREE ORANCH



## YOU CAN TAKE THE COWPOKE OUT OF THE COUNTRY

During the weekend before Thanksgiving, the ranch kids dress up in the style of some good ol' cowboy. The 20-year-old swell is that, to save the steaks, the wives of the cowboys depend on their husbands to

lead off with leather saddlebags and to be stable, one of the hands lays an old swat on me with an off-billet swat.

Some were surprised to find the others were the men behind the sides that tracked them, but the gal heroes that was the cowboy.

The West was a man's world. Civilizations stopped at the Mississippi River, an



## TRY, BUT...

ward traveler roughed it for over  
until he reached San Francisco.

Tramp Ball Stretcher' with a  
when strapped in makes for  
stimulating swings."

Pull down your pants and pull  
BULL TAMER BALL STRETCHER with  
a BALL SEPARATOR, then add a chunk  
of log chain for weight, and watch the  
action begin.

A saddletramp rode into the ranch one  
hot, dusty day. Before he knew it, one of  
the cowboys was wrangling him,  
western style. Seen here the WRANGLER

BIT CLAMPS (tooled leather with hair  
niss straps). All the items from HANGIN'  
TRI RANCH are handcrafted at the  
Ranch in the WESTERN STYLE, with  
brown or russet leather, (vs black motor  
cycle style).

HANGIN' TRI RANCH  
A Legend of the "Old West" TODAY!

# HANGIN' TREE RANCH

Rugged mountains in the background, rolling pastures studded with oaks, a couple of lean cowhands, their Levi's stretched t'ight across their asses sittin' on the corral fence watching a blazin' sunset. Hollywood's latest? No, it's real and it's Hangin' Tree Ranch.

Today, when everything seems to be "plastic" there is still one place that's trying to maintain the image and spirit of the Old West for men who appreciate it.

Hangin' Tree is an actual ranch, located in the mountains east of San Diego; however, it is not a public guest ranch. Levi's are the only accepted form of dress, and everything about the layout, from the main ranchhouse, to the old adobe stable to the full size tepee, let's a person know that it's a place for MEN only!

There are enough iron rings set in the floors, walls, and ceilings of the stable and ranchhouse to handle any situation that a talented 'S' can come up with. For variety, there's the tepee or huge boulders under the blazing sun, as places to get it on.

The ranch is probably best known, world-wide for its western style leather gear. Although the owners are versatile and attracted to the motorcycle and uniform scene, it is the Levi/western type that the ranch caters to with its handmade leather. Many items are variations on actual horse harness and others are their own original designs.

If you're a wonderin' about HANGIN' TREE RANCH itself, it was homesteaded in the 1880's and is located in the mountains near the old Yuma-San Diego Stage Route. The ranch takes its name from the rustlin' days followin' the Civil War, when a nearby box canyon (Horseshoe Canyon) was used to hold stock before runnin' it across the border into Mexico.

As law and order made its way into this part of the country and gunfighters like the Earps became respectable, the local ranchers formed a vigilante group to clean up the rustlers. Local legend has it that the oak tree that still stands on the ranch was the site of 13 "frontier justice" hangings.

There was a lot of ACTION and damn few women in the Old West, and with this leather gear, you too can re-live the roar n' horn days of the Old Frontier!

In the late 1800's a legend was born - THE AMERICAN COWBOY.

A hundred years later, nothing still captures and holds the imagination of more people than the men that 'won the west.'

Usually, only in their late teens or early 20's, the cowboys were the men that suffered the hardships of months on the trail, cherished the loyalty of their comrades, and lived by a code of honor that was as solid as their word.

The men of the West lived in a world of their own making. A world of men - a rugged world where the hired hand worked for \$30 a month and his grub. A cowboy's prized possessions were his saddle, his hat and his boots, in that order. His horse usually belonged to the outfit that he was riding for.

On the trail drive, the cowhands "doubled up" to sleep. They curled up each night with their "bunkie" with nothing between them and the hard prairie but their blankets and their slickers. Their day started before sunup and went late into the night as they "rode herd" with the cows bedded down.

The "Old West" was a unique mixture of freedom and subservience, independence and submissiveness, and a bond between two people that only men can understand and know.

The "Old West" never died. The chuck wagon is gone, the loneliness of "ridin' the line" has passed, and the endless miles of prairie without a town, tree or trail has vanished, but the COWBOY and his spirit are still here in the hearts and minds of hundreds of thousands of men.

When a person mentions "leather" most city people think in terms of the motorcycle type - black vests, jackets, chaps, belts, and other more intimate accessories, either plain or studded. However, there is another side to the leather scene - WESTERN STYLE or BROWN LEATHER, with copper rivets as well as nickel stud ornamentation.

Western style leather has its origins in the history of the Old West and the cowboy, with his hand tooled saddles, bridles, belts, chaps and boots. In those days, there wasn't a store just around the corner, so leather gear of all kinds was usually hand made and put together from scratch, reflecting the individuality of the owner.

Some of these early cowhands were very imaginative when it came to finding unusual uses for a thong here, or a piece of strap there. Many innocent looking

pieces of regular harness gear, found other service when the occasion demanded. For instance, the leather strings that are used to tie the bedroll onto the back of the saddle, are also easily used to tie the wrists and ankles as restraints; knotted two or three times in the middle, it becomes an effective gag. The "off-billet," one of the wide straps from the saddle that goes under the horse, makes an excellent swat. A regular halter, with some additional holes for shortening the straps, will fit a man's head, and rawhide, braided leather, or chain curb straps make excellent "bits" for an unruly maverick. The "stud cage" (metal portion) is actually used to keep stallions from constantly masturbation. Hangin' Tree has just added a few refinements to accommodate men.

There are a lot of different attitudes towards appreciating leather. Some men like the feel of leather against their skin, and the smell of leather. Others like the versatility of leather. For instance, a metal cockring can be awkward since it's not adjustable; on the other hand, a leather cockstrap can be easily adjusted to fit your own mood (or someone else's cock) and is also easily snapped on and off with a minimum of strain.

The western leather scene ties in also with that other piece of cowboy gear that's "gone to town" - Levi's. The natural motion, rubbing and friction of being in the saddle all day, softened and broke in a pair with no effort. Add to it the sweat and natural smell of the saddle leather and you have a man's outfit that can't be duplicated.

As to boots, most ranchhands couldn't afford the luxury of two pair, one for work and one for dress. But the cowboy boot as a masculine sex symbol is undisputable. It was designed for man's work first, and show second. The pointed toe was to make it easy to get your foot in and out of the stirrup, the high heel was to keep it there, and also, to "dig in" when you'd roped and thrown a steer for branding. The high sides were to protect from snakebite and brush.

Along with boots were the cowboy's spurs. Although he might only have one pair of boots, he often had two pairs of spurs. The work pair were plain, with dull points, out of respect for his horse. His dress pair would be silver, heavy with chains and fancy engraving, large rows with long points, they were meant to be heard as well as seen as he swaggered down the street. Add to this his high heeled boots and the fact that he spent most of his time in the saddle and you have a "walk" that's as uniquely masculine as a sailor's.

Western leather, brown leather, whatever you want to call it, is a tradition as old as the West and the men that rode the range.

**DRUMMER'S CENTERFOLD IS THE OIL PAINTING "NUDE IN SADDLE" by San Francisco artist ANTHONY DE FRANGE** Born in Oklahoma of Italian parents, the works of this award-winning artist hang in many top galleries and in the homes of celebrities throughout the world. We are grateful to a Leather Fraternity brother for the loan of this painting to DRUMMER. Unstapled, unframed prints (without our name) for framing can be had by sending \$2.05 (including postage) to DRUMMER, 1508 Crossroads of the World, Hollywood, CA 90028, or 311 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94104.



GUM

You're the first sailor I know of who's tried to pull that fine  
of shit. *(He roars with laughter)*

JOEY

What makes you think it's a line of shit?

GUM

I know you're not a fuckin' pog.

JOEY

How do you know that?

GUM

You got all the guys in stitches! *(still laughing)*

JOEY

You mean everybody knows about this?

GUM

The scott ebull's all over the ship . . . but they're all rooting  
for you . . . even betting on t.

JOEY

What are the odds?

JOEY

Nobody thinks it's true.

I guess I too ed everybody!

GUM

What the hell are you talking about?

JOEY

*(hand on hip) Honey, I ain't never gonna marry because I'm  
a fuckin' fairy!*

JOEY

Will you cut the fuckin' shit?

JOEY

Ain't no shit, Gium . . . it's the truth!

JOEY

You must be crackling up

JOEY

You want me to swear on the Bible?

JOEY

C'mon we're buddies, you can tell me.

JOEY

I'm a homosexual, Gium. I'm a homosexual.

GUM

What're trying to tell me you're a fuckin' queer?

JOEY

Whatever the fuck you wanna call it.

GUM

Well . . . if that's the way you want it, I guess I can't blame  
you . . . Smart . . . not trusting nobody.

JOEY

*(Sits down) Ah, Joey, you know what the fuck  
Captain Daily really wants, don't you?*

JOEY

My ass on a silver platter

JOEY

He wants the goods on Lefty Lefko.

JOEY

Why is he out to get Lefty?

GUM

I dunno. All I know is that every time Lefko's name comes up  
Captain Daily is fit to be tied. It doesn't seem to bother Lefty  
. . . he's always fuckin' around . . . you know that blond deck  
hand . . . Boiling or Banning?

JOEY

B. Billings?

GUM

Yeah, Billings. I saw Lefko giving the kid pegey bait

JOEY

You saw what?

GUM

Yeah, I saw Lefko giving Billings pegey bait behind the tor-  
pedo tubes

JOEY

You mean the guy with the buck teeth and the funny nose?

GUM

Yeah, B. Billings

DRUMMER 44

JOEY

Am I think Lefty is queer?

JOEY

Shit, I . . . just . . . you know, I was having water there at 18  
dames around, that's all.

JOEY

Ah . . . you better get your ass outta here or you're gonna be  
in a lot of trouble.

GUM

*(jumps up *angry*) Yeah, if the guard for the next shift work,  
early my goose is cooked.*

JOEY

Could you get me some cigarettes?

GUM

*(stops) I'll see what I can do. *(looks at JOEY) You're a real  
character, you know that, Joey?**

JOEY

Yeah, I'm a real queer!

GUM exits. End of Scene.

Scene Three

CAPTAIN DAILY'S quarters. Captain at his desk

CAPTAIN DAILY enters with a folder. Puts it on Captain's desk

They've been decided by Lieutenant Tatum, sir.

DAILY

Direct communication to the Swanton, Yeoman?

GUM

For our information, Captain. *(He starts to exit) CPO Lefty's  
out de wo long, sir.*

DAILY

Yeoman?

GUM

Yes sir?

DAILY

I need you for an interrogation.

GUM

Aren't you interrogating Jurovich in the morning, sir?

DAILY

You got a hot date or something?

GUM

It's the Tyrone Power movie, sir! Maureen O'Hara, sir

DAILY

It'll be short and very, very sweet. Yeoman, *(Captain moves to  
door) Send in Chief Petty Officer Leonard Lefko.*

VOICE *(offstage)*

Aye aye.

CPO LEONARD LEJKO enters. 35 in vigorous good

health and vivacious. He stands at attention.

DAILY

The torpedo tubes?

LEJKO

Ship shape, Captain

DAILY

The twenty milimeter s?

LEJKO

Ready for action, sir.

DAILY

All the ice removed, Lefko?

LEJKO

Yes sir

DAILY

That was quick. Well done. At ease, sit down.

LEJKO

*(doesn't sit down) Thank you, Captain*

DAILY

*(sarcastic) Well, well, you look fit as a fiddle.*

LEJKO

I keep in shape, sir!

DAILY

Yes, yes you do, don't you? Yeoman, you got a sh . . . butt  
for my Chief Petty Officer?

LEJKO

*(slight smile) Thank you, Captain, but I stil, don't smoke.*

DAILY

Must've slipped my mind. *(pause) How long, Lefko?*

LEJKO

How long what?

DAILY

Since San Diego?



DAILY

Get out of here, you degenerate fuck!

LEFKO

Aye aye, sir. (he exits)

CAPTAIN DAILY picks up the picture of his wife.

Looks at it

DA-Y

Lorna, you fuckin' bitch . . . you fuckin' cunt . . . (he sits) I love you . . . I love you . . . (pause) Why him? Why in hell him?

A slow fade

Scene Four

In the brig. JOEY is lying on the bunk. Offstage voices.

SIMMONS

Okay, but make it on the double, Mac. You hear?

LEFKO

You're a real pal. (he enters) So how are you, Mac?

JOEY

That's a pretty dumb question, Mac!

LEFKO

Pretty rough, huh?

JOEY

Hell no, Mac. Would you like to join me in my Christmas feast of bread and water?

LEFKO

You're really pissed, huh?

JOEY

I can't stand that word, Mac

LEFKO

Shit, Joey, I was just saying it to Simmons earlier. (sits on bed ruffles JOEY's hair) So how are you, kid?

JOEY

You shouldn't a come . . . if Captain Daily catches you you're in for a lot of trouble

LEFKO

Fuck him! All he can do is break me to first class and that's been done plenty of times before. (pause) Gium down here earlier?

JOEY

Yeah,

LEFKO

When I went in to the Captain's office the two of them were thick as thieves.

JOEY

It's okay. He told me all about it. He came to warn me, Lefty. Said the Captain's having me up there at 0800 and he's got to be there to write everything down.

LEFKO

What did you tell him?

JOEY

Not a fuckin' thing. How dumb do you think I am, Lefty?

LEFKO

You sure?

JOEY

Will you cut it out, God damnit!

LEFKO

You didn't tell him nothin'?

JOEY

I told him you cornholed every sailor in the Navy.

LEFKO

I know that son of a bitch was down to pump you, Joey.

JOEY

Lay off, will ya? Gium's my friend.

LEFKO

You need a friend like him like you need a hole in the head.

JOEY

You don't trust nobody.

LEFKO

Not that son of a bitch. Did he talk about me at all?

JOEY

Said that Captain Daily was after your ass. He said that if Daily got the goods on you I'd get off easy . . . that's all the Captain wants s'you, Lefty, you!

LEFKO

The son of a bitch!

JOEY

He don't like you, either.

DRUMMER R 46

LEFKO

He's a brown nose from way back. If there's one thing I've learned . . . it's not to trust a pencil pushing yeoman. (pause) What did you tell Captain Daily about me, Joey?

JOEY

All I told the old fart was that you gave me pogey bait and goosed me four or five times . . . that's all.

LEFKO

(shouting) What the fuck did you tell him that for?

JOEY

T . . . through . . . If the track, that's why. I told him that you kidded around like at the other sailors . . . that everybody is always goosing everybody else .

LEFKO

That's all you told him?

JOEY

You don't trust nobody, do you?

LEFKO

I trust you, kid. But the son of a bitch is tricky . . . he's out to get me . . . he thinks this is it, Joey. You're okay, kid . . . the best . . . the best.

JOEY

(in a rage) What about the Billings kid?

LEFKO

Who?

JOEY

The guy with the buck nose.

LEFKO

Billings . . . Billings . . .

JOEY

You know who I'm talking about. The guy with the buck teeth

LEFKO

He don't have buck teeth. Bobby Billings.

JOEY

Here I am going through all this shit and I can just see you . . . in a couple months you won't even remember my name.

LEFKO

Why in hell you got a bug up your ass?

JOEY

It's you and Billings . . . Gium said . . .

LEFKO

Gum?

JOEY

He said you gave Billings pogey bait and you're goosing him all the time.

LEFKO

Shit, Joey, that fuckin' dirty minded Gium . . . like a little old lady, I was going to the Ship's Store and Billings asked me to buy him a couple candy bars . . . that's all.

JOEY

That's all?

LEFKO

Hell yes, kid.

JOEY

Gium says you're always goosing Billings and . . .

LEFKO

No more than anybody else. Is that why you been so mad ever since I got here? (no answer) It is, isn't it?

JOEY

Shit:

LEFKO

There ain't nothin' between Billings and me . . . nothing. (Puts his arm around JOEY. Touches his face) You believe me?

JOEY

Nothin' (he finally smiles. Then he goes into LEFTY'S arm as a shelter. LEFTY holds him. They are on the bed)

LEFKO

Don't you know by now I'm crazy about you, kid?

JOEY

You're crazy about me?

LEFKO

You knock me out, kid.

JOEY

Really? I do?



## ALLEN EAGLES

It's not surprising that movies about the American frontier provide many instances of screen torture. After all, these movies constitute one of the most popular and durable of all film genres, and the list of westerns cranked out since the days of *The Great Train Robbery* must surely number into the thousands. Besides, westerns usually deal with combinations of characters and situations which frequently, sometimes even inevitably, lead to savage resolutions.

For example, the brutality and lawlessness of the frontier might be demonstrated by showing Apaches roasting a captured soldier over an open fire, or by having local vigilantes tie a lawbreaker to the town hitching post and soundly bullwhipping him. In either case, the sight of tough, danger-hardened men inflicting or receiving pain amid an atmosphere of unrestrained violence makes the western torture one of the most vivid in the history of screen sadism.

Let's begin with the Indians. Until recently, most American film-makers seemed quite content to portray Indians as villainous, bloodthirsty savages — while depicting white pioneers, soldiers and explorers as the courageous vanguards of an advancing civilization. Since many Indian tribes had a not undeserved reputation for subjecting their captives to prolonged and imaginative tortures, western film-makers often chose to dramatize this supposed difference in the races by

Lack of a whipping post doesn't deter the resident Indian from soundly thrashing his victim in *Seven Guns for the MacGregors* (1967).

arranging for a white frontiersman to fall into the hands of his red enemies. Showing how these enemies skillfully tormented their prisoner, and how the prisoner gallantly endured their cruelty, enabled the screenwriter to clearly label both the "good guys" and the "bad guys" and insured the appropriate audience response to each set of characters. For decades, Hollywood perpetuated this simplistic view of the Old West.

Although most frontier dramas made during the silent era have been lost or forgotten, viewers lucky enough to catch D.W. Griffith's 1924 epic, *America*, can see an early example of one of this genre's classic torture situations. In Griffith's film, an American soldier of the Revolutionary War has been captured by a mixed band of renegade British officers and mercenary Mohawk Indian braves. The handsome young soldier, stripped to the waist to reveal a muscular, lightly-hair chest, is bound to a wooden post. When he refuses to give military information to his British interrogators, an Indian approaches and gouges out the capt've's eyes with his fingers. (Audience sensibilities being what they were at the time, the Mohawk positions himself between the camera and the soldier so the actual blinding can't be seen.) Despite the absence of sound, it's safe to assume that the square-jawed patriot in *America* didn't scream for mercy. The western hero, like all screen heroes, endures his pain stoically.



Also, Gary Cooper remains fully clothed as he stoically endures a hotfoot tree treatment in Cecil B. DeMille's 1936 epic, *The Plainsman*.



Not only does Stuart Whitman get dragged around by his wrists in *Rio Conchos* (1964), he's also thrashed and speared by his Indian tormentors.

Somewhat Anthony Quinn rescues brawny Joel McCrea from a gang of torturers inid squaws in the 1944 version of *Buffalo Bill*.



In Cecil B. DeMille's 1936 version of *The Plainsman*, Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok continues this tradition of silence under torture by refusing to tell the Indians the planned route of a wagon train, even when the Indians suspend him by the wrists over a pit of fire. Jean Arthur, playing Calamity Jane, spares our fully clothed hero from an excruciating death by telling the Indians what they want to know. This convenient intervention on the part of the heroine saved the screen writer from having to choose between two unpalatable resolutions: (1) allowing the hero to die under torture, or (2) having the hero "squeal."

In 1944, another famous figure of the Old West came to the screen when Joel McCrea played the title role in William Wellman's *Buffalo Bill*. During the course of this story, Indians capture McCrea and we're soon treated to a scene of our bare-chested frontiersman — tethered to a wooden post — being vigorously thrashed by a group of portly, switch-wielding squaws. One of these squaws then picks up a stick from a bonfire and points its burning end at McCrea's chest, right between the nipples. Only the arrival of Ind an chief Anthony Quinn rescues our hero from having his torso blistered and scorched.

(Quinn's timely appearance spoils what could have been a memorable ordeal by fire scene. Joel McCrea, age 39 at the time of *Buffalo Bill*'s filming, possessed both an easy, masculine manner and an unusually well-muscled physique, and the sight of him under torture — head thrown back and teeth gritted against the pain as that burning stick is pressed repeatedly into his sweaty flesh — would have made a significant contribution to the lore of cinema sadism.)

A brief scene in the 1957 western, *Run of the Arrow* shows an Indian advancing on a captured cavalry officer with knife in hand. The officer, played with arrogant overtones by Ralph Meeker, is tied to that by-now-familiar wooden post, and apparently he's to be skinned alive. Only a merciful bullet fired into him from a distance by Rod Steiger spares Meeker from hours of unreleaved agony.

No wooden posts can be found in either *The Comancheros* (1961) or *Rio Conchos* (1964). In the former, the body of a bare-chested cowboy can be spotted in the background of an Indian camp, spread-eagled inside an upright wooden frame. He's obviously died of exposure. In *Rio Conchos*, the Indians tie Stuart Whitman, Jim Brown and Richard Boone behind their horses and drag them by the wrists in a large circle. Other Indian warriors gathered around this circle beat the captives as they're dragged by, and one of them even thrusts a spear into Whitman's right leg.

Soldiers of the U.S. Cavalry find the maimed body of Lt. William Reynolds tied to the side of an army wagon in the 1964 *A Distant Trumpet*. He's been burned to death by Indians.

A similar fate greeted a nameless soldier in Sam Peckinpah's *Major Dundee* (1965). Charlton Heston's cavalry troop finds this soldier hanging by his ankles over a burned-out campfire. He's been stripped of his shirt, and his wrists are bound behind his back. His hands and feet are fastened to a skeletal willow. The last in says, "I am a new dad now," has hung him up like that." One of Heston's soldiers replies with grim assurance: "If he was dead, they wouldn't have bothered."

Nineteen sixty-six saw the release of two westerns adept with examples of Indian sadism. In Ralph Nelson's *Duel at Diablo*, a band of soldiers besieged by warring Apaches dispatches a lone rider back to the fort to seek reinforcements. The rider (Bill Hart) never reaches his destination. He's found staked out to the side of a sandy hill, his outstretched arms reduced to ashes.

Later, the same Indians strap Dennis Weaver to a wagon wheel and then turn it so that their victim's bare feet will be dangled in the flames of an open campfire. Not only does this scene record Weaver's screams of agony — an uncommon recognition of human frailty — but it concludes with James Garner giving the dying man a gun so he can put an end to his misery. This sort of complicity in suicide was rarely evident in the movies of the '30s, '40s and early '50s.

On *The Road to Fort Alamo* (1966), cavalry officer Ken Scott discovers the bodies of two muscular troopers staked out in the desert, spread-eagled style. The men have been placed side by side so the left wrist and ankle of the first trooper are bound to the same pegs as the right wrist and ankle of the second man. One of the troopers has his shirt torn open to

expose a thickly haired chest, but there's no mention of either man having had his eyelids slit apart. Indians often did this to prevent a victim from closing his eyes against the burning sun. Sometimes they also propped open his mouth with a stick, then sprinkled honey inside to lure desert ants down his throat.

Scott later comes across two more troopers, both naked to the waist, bound upright to a pair of X-shaped frames. It isn't exactly clear now they met their death (though the agonized expressions on their faces indicate they both died screaming), but apparently the Indians used them at some point in their ordeal as targets in arrow practice.

(The bodies of soldiers used for arrow practice are also shown in *Chuka* (1967), while in *Garden of Evil* (1954) Gary Cooper rides past the arrow-ridden corpse of a cowboy hanging upside-down from a wooden cross.)

Another cowboy suffered an even more painful fate in the 1968 western, *Shalako*. Jack Hawkins assigns this tough-looking man of the frontier to escort Brigitte Bardot on a hunting party. Both ride into an Indian ambush. When Sean Connery rides to the rescue of the besieged Bardot, he sees the lingering death the Indians have devised for the captured cowpoke.

The victim has been positioned face up on the ground with his ankles tied to a securely imbedded peg, his body arched upward so that his bare back rests agonizingly against the tip of a sharpened stake. To complete the bondage, the Indians have stretched out both of the cowboy's arms and staked them by the wrists to the ground. While Connery and Bardot watch helplessly from a distance, the groaning, sweating victim tries desperately to keep his body rigid so he won't collapse and impale himself on that sharpened stake. Finally, however, the weight and the strain become too much for him to control, and with sickening speed the cowboy feels the point of the stake shoving its way upward through his torso. Now all that's left is the man's half-naked body stretched out flat under the scorching sun, a blood-smeared shaft of wood protruding upward through his chest.

One of the most vivid and graphic of all western sadism scenes occurs in the 1970 made-in-Israel movie, *Madron*. In this movie a fierce Indian tribe captures a Mexican bandit (Gabi Amran) and then savagely tortures him to find out the whereabouts of his comrade (Richard Boone). When we first see Amran in the Indian camp, his face and naked torso streaked with blood, sweat and dirt. An Indian woman approaches with a knife and apparently begins to peel a hunk of skin from the prisoner's right side. (The camera remains focused on Amran's face here, and his open-mouthed scream is largely drowned out by the shouts and chants of the Indians dancing around him.) The woman's hand now drops lower, obviously moving the knife down toward the victim's groin.

Amran's sufferings are cut short at this crucial point by a rifle bullet fired from outside the camp by Richard Boone. We can see the Mexican's head slump forward in death, and in this distant shot, we can also see that Amran's trousers have been loosened at the waist and his fly spread apart to form a V-shaped opening leading to his genitals. Television prints of *Madron* don't include this particular shot, perhaps because of the implications of male nudity and castration.

Even in edited form, however, *Madron*'s torture scene remains a sadistic highlight in the history of the western. The swirling dust of the Indian encampment, the blazing desert sun, the chanting of the braves, the muscular Mexican's sweaty, soiled body — all combine to create an indelible image of slow, savage death.

In *The Hunting Party* (1971), Gene Hackman and his band of Indian-hunters find the body of one of their colleagues propped in an upright position against a large rock. The victim's legs have been staked wide apart and the charred remains of a bonfire are piled up on his crotch.

In *Uzana's Raid* (1972), the Indians tie their captive in a different position before subjecting him to death by fire. The victim, in this case a farmer whose homestead is overrun by an Indian raiding party, has his legs hooked by the knees over a wooden fence. His arms are then pulled backward and tied to a pair of pegs driven into the ground. With his torso hanging at a downward angle, the farmer becomes well-positioned "fuel" for the fire that's set under his head.

[These scenes in *The Hunting Party* and *Uzana's Raid* must be considered disappointments, however, because in each case



Fists clenched and jaw set, whip-scared Buck Jones seems determined to endure further torments in the 1932 movie *McKenzie of the Mounted*.



Rescued too late on *The Road to Fort Alamo* (1966), these two soldiers at least died with their clothes on — a rarity in Indian tortures.

A nasty surprise greets Ken Clark on *The Road to Fort Alamo* — a 1966 western which might be subtitled *Cavalrymen Die Screaming*.





Here a nipple piercing failed to the umpteenth power as Richard Harris gets swept off his feet in *A Man Called Horse*, 1968.

the victim is only discovered after he's met his death, and in each case the victim is fully clothed. Who one can't expect total nudity in these scenes, having the men stripped to the waist would have added considerably to the overall effect).

Indians bury Stefan Gierasch up to his neck in *Jeremiah Johnson* (1972) and leave him to die—a technique also used in last year's *The Outlaw Josey Wales*—while *Johnny Firecloud* (1975) proved that modern "palefaces" still are safe from "redskin" torture. In *Firecloud*, an American Indian who's also a veteran of the war in Vietnam extracts revenge on a group of local townsmen for the death of his father. His most bizarre punishment involves binding a man to a fence post and then tying a gunny sack full of rattlesnakes around his head.

Needless to say, Indians sometimes tortured fellow Indians as well as white men. Probably the best such scene ever found in the movies occurs in the 1953 western, *Conquest of Cochise*. Indian chief John Hodak must suffer three punishment at the hands of his tribe for "selling out" to the U.S. Army. First of all, he's horizontally stretched face down over a pile of heated rocks. When Indian women pass by, they scatter rocks, clouds of steam envelope Hodak and cause him to scald and burn.

Then the Indian braves bind Hodak's wrists and ankles together above his head and impale them on sharp stakes in their hands. As each horseman passes the chief, he slices his knife across the man's bare wrists and ankles.

Finally, bandies of wood are tied to the chief's wrists so that he can suffer the ultimate agony. But Robert Stack and his troop of cavalrymen arrive in time to save the valiant chief from his own tribe.



In *A Man Called Horse* (1970), Indians initiate Englishman Richard Harris into their tribe by forcing two hooks under the muscles above his nipples and then suspending his entire body weight from the rafter in their lodge by means of ropes attached to these hooks. A similar sequence occurs in the 1976 *Return of a Man Called Horse*, with Harris once again wearing a few less clothes and built by make-up man John Chambers.

The *Return of a Man Called Horse* also contains a scene in which Indians in children torment a captured member of a rival tribe. This lone clothed enemy (George Luke) has been tethered to a wooden post in the center of the camp so that the children can easily prod him with sharpened sticks and then run him out of range before the tortured man can knock them down.

And there are instances of Indian torture in the movies that are even more terrible occasions where such torture is either discussed or implied. The screams of captured whites coming through the darkness from a nearby Indian camp, the barricaded settler shooting himself rather than fall into the hands of savage savages, the sickened expression on a soldier's face as he passes the bodies of his fallen comrades mutilated by Indian warriors, etc., etc.

While it's easy to locate scenes of Indians torturing whites in the movies, the reverse situation rarely occurs—perhaps because having whites torture Indians would conflict with Hollywood's notions of just who were the "good guys" and who were the "bad guys" in America's westward movement. While settlers and soldiers might gun down their red opponents on the battle field, but "civilized" men would never stoop to do the same in the theater.

The movies willingly recognized however that whites whites on the frontier, and when this was common, the most common implement of pain was the ever reliable whip. In fact, so common are whippings in the movies that this seems as much a man's garb as his cowboy hat and gun belt. The use of the whip in the movies can be traced back to the days of the silent film. In Greta Garbo's 1926 film, *The Temptress*, hero Moreno (John Barrymore) engages in a violent, bare-chested whipping of his enemies. Though Moreno wins the number of bloody gash marks all over his body, critics argue that a whip match can't compare with the two brawny men. Foggy, sweat-covered, sweaty flesh makes for a suitably grisly greater extremes in the 1940 movie,

**Bingham Young** Here, a gang of Illinois vigilantes haul two Mormon men out of a farmhouse, tie them wrist-to-wrist opposite sides of a large tree trunk, rip open the backs of their shirts, and then flog them to death. (The two middle-aged and slightly overweight men succumb with suspicious rapidity. Hollywood film makers sometimes present a hasty picture of how much punishment a man's body can actually absorb.)

The wagon-wheel-as-whipping-post can be found in John Ford's 1950 classic, *Wagonmaster*. Ben Johnson in the title role orders one of his men tied to such a wheel when he discovers the cowboy (Fred Libby) has aroused the ire of local Indians by molesting one of their women.

"Strip this man to the waist," Johnson orders, "and tie him to a wagon wheel." Then Johnson watches as his bearded friend (Dan Sommers) delivers 16 stinging lashes across the culprit's broad and sweaty back. Unlike a similar scene in *Kiss of Fire*, Libby isn't bound to the upright wheel in spread eagle style. Rather, his punishers simply tie his wrists to a leather cord which is then strung securely through the spokes of the wheel. This type of bond allows the victim a surprising degree of mobility, and *Wagonmaster* is one of the few movies in which the "whipping" is a genuine punishment.

It's a good movie, but it's not the best example of the genre.

Speaking of *Kiss of Fire* (1955), the victim of the flogging in this movie is a burly Spanish soldier who's bound bare-chested to a wagon wheel and then soundly whipped. His tormentors wish to wrest information from him about a plot against Spanish rule in early-day California, but as one of the interrogators later says with a sigh, "His heart gave out before his tongue."

Although *Wagonmaster*'s flogging episode clearly surpasses that of *Kiss of Fire* in vitality and style, *Kiss of Fire* has the indeniable advantage of being photographed in color. Dripping webs across a bare back never register well in black and white, which may partially explain why the wagon wheel whipping of an errant cowboy is merely discussed in *Red River* (1948) but never carried out.

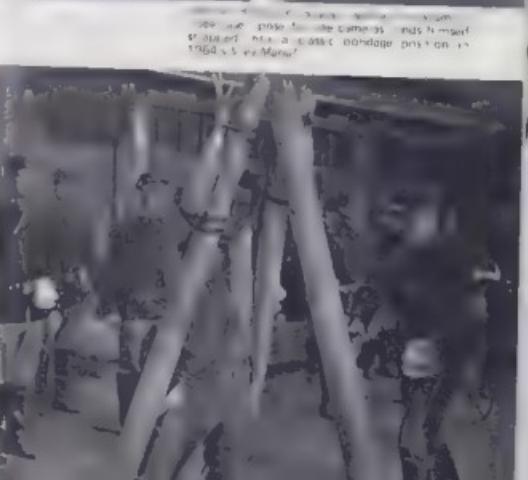
Marlon Brando, tied to a hitching post in the 1961 *One-Eyed Jacks*, suffers a brutal whipping at the hands of corrupt sheriff Karl Malden. Unfortunately, Malden doesn't strip his victim to the waist before beginning the punishment, but he does rip open the back of Brando's shirt, and the sound of this ripping has a remarkably arousing effect on any sadistically minded audience.

As for the flogging itself, Malden carries it out with obvious relish, and Brando fulfills the traditional role of the stoic hero by never once even whimpering in pain. His only sign of weakness, in fact, comes when he slowly begins to slump to the ground under the force of the sheriff's lashes. Later, we're presented a scene of Brando's face, which is now

Perhaps the most famous example of the flog is the 1970s sadistic sequence in *Nevada Smith*, for example, the boss of a Louisiana chain gang orders a lashing for one of his prisoners as punishment for an escape attempt. The prisoner (Arthur Kennedy) has his wrists tied together and then pulled upward by means of a rope looped over a tree branch so that his feet barely touch the ground. A camp guard tears off Kennedy's shirt and then steps back, uncoiling his long whip. He proceeds to flog the prisoner's bare back while the other inmates of the labor camp watch in silent silence. After whipping his victim into near-unconsciousness, the guard cuts him down so he falls face first into a pool of swamp water. Only the intervention of fellow prisoner Steve McQueen saves Kennedy from drowning.

(When one of the television networks presented *Nevada Smith* several years ago, a violence-conscious censor edited down this flogging sequence so that Arthur Kennedy received only two lashes before being cut down. Unsuspecting viewers either marveled at the prison guard's leniency or wondered how only two lashes could turn the victim's back into a bloody canvas.)

Rod Taylor's 1967 western, *Chuka*, contains an example of aw-and-order punishment, military style. When Taylor first enters a frontier fort commanded by John Mills, he sees a bare-chested soldier wincing under a lash wielded with considerable vigor by one of his unformed colleagues. The soldier





A soldier prepares to gather up some of the leftover meat from an Indian barbecue in Sam Peckinpah's 1964 western, *Mayo's Raiders*.

A gun-swinging desperado takes a score back to his trailer after Mayhem City, in the 1966 *Gold Squad*, starring Lee Marvin.



(played by *Mod Squad*'s Michael Cole) has been placed against a tripod of wooden poles hands above head, and secured with rawhide thongs tied around his wrists, elbows and knees. Despite the fact that he turns out to be an unsympathetic character, Cole grits his teeth and endures his flogging in heroic silence. (One can only speculate how high this scene might have ranked on the S&M scale had it been Rod Taylor's broad and sweaty back being laid open by the bite of the lash.)

The law cracking the whip in *There Was a Crooked Man* (1970) comes in the form of a territorial prison guard played by Bert Freed. The victim, a young, muscular inmate played by Michael Blodgett, has been singled out for punishment because he punched the guard in the jaw after the guard had made "advances" to him. (Ah, the joys of the adult western!) The guard locks the prisoner in a pair of wristcuffs hanging from the prison's whipping post, conveniently located in the middle of the rock pile, and proceeds to lay a couple of lashes across the victim's back — a back bronzed and gleaming from the blazing Arizona sun. The camera, unfortunately, takes more of an interest in Freed's face than Blodgett's back. In any case, the punishment is all too quickly ended by the eruption of a prison riot.

Woody Strode, another labor camp inmate, suffers under a flogging in *The Avengers* (1972), but in Clint Eastwood's 1973 wester, *Hight Plains Drifter*, the tables are turned on the law-and-order image when three villains armed with bullwhips surround a frontier sheriff one night on the main street of town and viciously beat him to death. Since the sheriff remains fully clothed and completely unbending during his flogging, this particular scene may notqualify as a classic in the S&M cinema, but it contains a memorable shot of a bullwhip's pommel swinging wildly around the victim's face like the tentacles of an angry sea monster.

Charles Bronson, who began his movie career playing sadistic villains, underwent a metamorphosis of sorts which eventually resulted in his portraying a masochistic hero in 1976's made-in-Spain entry, *Chino*. Bronson's tormentor in this case is Marcel Bozzuffi, a wealthy landowner who's incensed when the half-breed cowboy comes calling on his sister (Jill Ireland). To teach this cowboy a lesson in social positions, Bozzuffi orders several of his drovers to beat him with a bullwhip. The drovers respond not only with enthusiasm but with inventiveness as well. Instead of flogging their victim to the traditional whipping post — as some of the newspaper ads for *Chino* erroneously show — Bozzuffi's men first drag the shirtless Bronson across the ground by means of ropes tied around each wrist. Then they use these ropes to hoist Bronson off the ground so that he dangles helplessly by his wrists from the crossbar of a tall wooden frame. One of the drovers begins to crack his bullwhip across Bronson's unprotected back.

The remainder of the flogging, all 20 lashes of it, follows the usual pattern of tight-hipped bravery. However, Bronson does go through a period of recuperation after his ordeal (unlike some flogging victims who never seem to suffer the slightest aftereffects from a movie whipping), and though the welts on his back appear insufficiently gory, there are several close-up shots of Bronson's pain-contorted face (framed by deep, hairy armpits) which form memorable images of masculine anguish.

Other western movies containing flogging scenes are *The Streets of Laredo*, *Rebel in Town*, *The True Story of Jesse James*, *California Conquest*, *The Great Missouri Raid*, *Showdown at Abilene*, *Vengeance of the West* and *Seven Guns for the MacGregors*.

Even without his flesh-tearing whip, however, the frontier sadist could devise a variety of ways to inflict pain on his enemies. In the 1950 *Eagle and the Hawk*, for instance, the bad guys tie John Payne's face up between two parallel-placed horses: his left ankle and wrist are bound to one saddle, his right ankle and wrist, bound to the other. The horses are then sent racing off across the prairie with the helpless Payne stretched painfully between them as kind of a living yoke. Before our hero manages to extricate himself from this dilemma, his shirt is ripped open and his back scraped bloody by a passing cactus, causing him to arch upward in a sharp moment of agony.

Pain comes more slowly to he-man Roger Moore in 1961's *Gold of the Seven Saints*. In an attempt to wrest from him the location of a gold mine, Moore's enemies stake him out bare-

chested under the scorching sun with strips of wet rawhide pulled tightly around his torso. As the wet rawhide shrinks under the heat of the sun, it slowly crushes the breath out of his body. (To make sure his lungs are nearly empty of air before they begin the torture, the bad guys deliver a few vicious punches to Moore's stomach.) Eventually Moore is rescued by his partner, Clint Walker, whose massive chest would seem to be impervious to such rib-crushing torments.

Branding on different sides of the body can be found in 1964's *A Distant Trumpet* (the back side) and 1966's *Ride Beyond Vengeance* (the chest side). In the former, trooper Bobby Bare must suffer the fate of an army deserter and, accordingly, has a "C" for "Coward" pressed into his back with a red-hot iron. Unlike the soldiers gathered inside the fort to witness this punishment, however, the audience must be satisfied with the agonized expression on Bare's face coupled with a puff of smoke drifting upward from behind his naked torso.

In *Ride Beyond Vengeance*, psychotic Bill Bixby presses a slow branding iron into the back of Chuck Connors' bare chest as Connors lies half-conscious on the ground. Bixby, it seems, is a deranged sadist who does this sort of thing just for the hell of it.

Although torture isn't involved in *Viva Maria!* (1965), bondage fans surely carry fond memories of the scene in which George Hamilton is shown as a virile but vulnerable captive with a wooden yoke chained across his shoulders and outstretched arms. (The price he pays for being on the losing side of a Latin American revolution.) While Hamilton's lean but attractive torso could have been effectively whipped, flogged or burned in this position, co-star Jeanne Moreau contents herself with simply ripping off the prisoner's white shirt and caressing his bare chest with her lips and tongue.

Barbwire, which surprisingly hasn't been used much in westerns as a torture device, is employed with sadistic purpose in that 1966 Italian import, *The Hills Run Red*. During the credits of this movie, we see leading man Thomas Hunter as an inmate in a Civil War prison camp. He stands bare-chested in an open-air cage about the size of a telephone booth, and every time he tries to shake off one of the flies that settles on his sweaty body, he scrapes his arms and torso against the horizontal strands of barbwire which keep him imprisoned. Needless to say, his entire upper body oozes with a multitude of cuts and gashes.

*The Man Without a Star*, released in 1955, contains an equally painful scene in which a man whose torso is wrapped tightly in the stuff gets pummeled off his horse, but since the victim hasn't been stripped to the waist, the scene lacks sadistic impact — even when the helplessly bound man falls with an agonizing grunt to the ground. Someday, perhaps, the movies will discover the potentials of the barbwire whip.

The villains in *A Minute to Pray*, *A Second to Die* (1969) suspend hero Alex Cord like a living cross between two buildings. Apparently he's meant to hang there — arms outstretched, each wrist tied by rope to a nearby wall, feet dangling at least a man's height above the ground — until he dies of thirst and exposure. (Sixty years might well wonder why Cord's trousers aren't stained with urine and excrement at this point.) After about 10 or 12 hours of hanging, one of Cord's friends cuts the dazed man down and carries him away to recuperate. Viewers disappointed at such a trite resolution to such an intriguing ordeal might find some consolation in the opportunity this sequence affords to stare at Cord's well-muscled and beautifully tanned torso.

Hans Meyer, in the 1970 *Cannon for Dordoba*, proves he also likes suspending his victims — but by the ankles rather than the wrists and preferably over a roaring fire. The fully clothed cowboy he hangs in this position quickly reveals what little he knows about troop movements along the Mexican border, circa 1900, but not before getting his face and hands scorched to blisters as he's swung back and forth through the flames. One of Meyer's colleagues remarks that he doesn't mind using torture to extract necessary information, but he doesn't care much for the eager way in which Meyer goes about his task.

The bad guys also use fire to loosen the tongues of the good guys in *Sundance Cassidy and Butch the Kid* (1976), a shameless Italian rip-off of that Paul Newman/Robert Redford nut. They strip the two muscular heroes to the waist, bind their wrists behind their backs, and lay them face up on the floor of



Jock Mahoney probably wishes for an asbestos  
jock strap as the flames lick at his crotch in  
*The Roar of the Iron Horse* (1950).

a cabin. One of the villains then advances on the helpless pair with a smoldering stick taken from a fireplace, a stick he clearly intends to use on his victims' shirtless chests in an attempt to force them to tell where they hid the loot from a recent bank robbery. Alas, an eruption of gunfire outside the cabin distracts the torturers and allows the heroes to break free before they're made to smell the odor of burnt skin and scorching hair.

That odor could be detected in *The Return of a Man Called Horse* if this 1976 movie had been filmed in "Aroma-rama" or "Scent-o-Vision." As a means of forcing information out of a lost Indian tribe from a villainous trapper, Richard Harris sees the fully clothed fellow out on the ground in India — then he piles leaves and twigs on top of the trapper's groin and sets this fuel on fire. After about 30 seconds of futile squirming and shouted protests, the trapper (B.I. Lucking) tells Harris what he wants to know and Harris brushes the small but damaging bonfire off the man's crotch.

In closing this chapter on frontier sadism, mention should be made of the numerous and varied S&M scenes which occurred in western series during their television heyday of the late '50s and early '60s. Stars that suffered bare-back whippings during that era include Robert Horton in *Wagon Train* (which, boy, did the wagon wheel!), Fess Parker and Eric Fleming in *Rawhide* (while tied to trees), Allen Case in *The Deputy* (while pressed against the side of a barn), and Lee Majors in *The Big Valley* (while tied to a wooden post).

Tom Tryon proved his courage as a redskin warrior in a *Wagon Train* episode by allowing one of his fellow Indians to cut his arms with a heated knife blade while he stood tied in spread eagle style between two posts. During this test, the sweaty and muscular Tryon wore only a loincloth.

Another *Wagon Train* segment showed Robert Horton staked out under the blazing sun by disgruntled Indians. Horton's rescue came in human form, but when Richard Boone found himself in a similar predicament in *Have Gun Will Travel*, he relied on his horse to chew through his bonds. The actors displayed brawny, sweat-glistening chests, but in both cases they remained fully clothed from the waist down to and including their boots.

*Cheyenne*'s Clint Walker once found himself suspended barefooted over an open fire, and Indians spread eagled a bare-chested Chuck Connors between two trees in the short-lived series, *Branded*.

Perhaps to Henry Darrow in *The High Chaparral* goes the honor of suffering through TV's best frontier torture scene. To pass a test of Indian courage, Darrow permits himself to be tied upside-down in crucifixion style in the center of a tribal encampment. Mounted braves then ride by him, lashing his naked chest with whips each time they pass. By the time the heroic Darrow is deemed to have passed the test, his torso is covered with bloody slash marks.

# DRUM BEATS

## MANQUAKE

Molten magma emotion  
Develops, dormant within  
Fields of downy body hair.  
Blown across trembling skin  
Blunt atomic explosions rock  
Vulnerable inner hollows.  
An earthy caress brings shudders,  
A tumultuous manquake follows.

DDee Le Sard



"Oh, he's not disabled. That's just  
to keep him from falling over!"



DRUMMER

"O.K. I'll lick any man in this bar that's my size . . . or bigger."



GIL M  
Yes sir. My own style of shorthand, sir, but it works.  
DAILY

You got it all typed up?

GIUM

All the previous interrogations except this morning's, sir!

DAILY

And the new material

GIUM

(puts hand on stack) The small pile.

DAILY

(finally looks away from JOEY) Well done. I keep forgetting your name.

GIUM

Giun, sir. George Giun.

DAILY

Keep up the good work, Giun, and you'll be a first class yeoman before you know it.

GIUM

Thank you, sir!

JOEY giggles involuntarily.

DAILY

What's so funny, Jurovick?

DAILY

Wipe that grin off your face.

DAILY

Got a long, long afternoon! Might as well get started! (rubs hands together) Name.

JOY

,driv ch 1 segt Charles

DAILY

Rank!

DAILY

Rank!

DAILY

How long has Jurovick been standing at attention?

JOY

All morning. A little over five hours, sir.

DAILY

He should be ready. Alright, (moves to JOEY) When did he go down to the brig to see you?

JOY

Who, sir?

DAILY

You know who I'm talking about, asshole!

JOY

You mean Lefty Lefko, sir?

JOY

I don't mean the man in the moon. Well, Jurovick, when?

JOEY

Ah...ah...ah...ah

DAILY

You're stuttering.

JOEY

I think it was Christmas day, sir.

DA Y

You're confessing that Lefko did visit you in the brig?

JOEY

Yes!

DAILY

About time you told the truth. You've finally seen the light, nun?

JOY

Don't know what you mean, Captain.

DAILY

It makes no difference at all what you say. At ease, Jurovick. Sit down! (pauses, JOEY sits) How would you like a big fat turkey sandwich and a cup of java?

JOEY

Could I have a glass of milk instead of coffee, sir?

DAILY

(moves to door) If that black asshole doesn't fuck it up.

JOEY

Could I have some mayonnaise on the sandwich?

DAILY

Would you like some caviar, too?

JOEY

Some what?

DAILY

(back to desk) First I want to straighten out a few small details about Lefko. Tell me, Jurovick, why did he come to see you?

DRUMMER 56

JOEY

Didn't you say it was all over but the shouting, sir?

DAILY

I think I said something like that.

JOEY

You mean another sailor squealed on Lefty?

DAILY

I'm asking the questions, you asshole

JOEY

What was it, sir?

DAILY

You know what the question was. Was Lefko worried that you were going to squeal on him. Is that why he visited you?

JOEY

Squeal about what, sir?

DAILY

That you were going to tell me that he made homosexual advances toward you!

JOEY

But nothing like that happened, sir!

DAILY

Alright, why did Lefko come to see you? Why? Why?

JOEY

He felt sorry for me for being in the brig on Christmas Day. I don't know,

DAILY

Don't give me that bullshit you little prick. Why? Why?

JOEY

I don't know why, sir!

DAILY

Alright! Listen in. See that line from the beginning everything that happened when Lefko came to see you in the brig. Let's go!

JOEY staggers to his feet. He is weaving trying to stand at attention

JOY

I was all alone and I was singing this song. It went something like this. It's Mac this... It's Mac that...

DAILY

If you don't watch your step I'm going to put you in chains and tape your mouth!

JOY

Didn't you just tell me to start from the beginning, sir?

DAILY

From when Lefko came into the brig, you asshole.

JOY

Lefty came in... he thought I was looney... I think that's right.

DAILY

From when he came in!

JOEY

When he came in he called me Mac. He was worried that I would lie about him... that I would tell you that he made homosexual advances at me, sir. But when I told him that I had told you the truth about him he felt a lot better.

DAILY

You lying little asshole. Jurovick, I'm going over and over all of this until you tell me the truth! Do you hear me loud and clear?

JOEY

How could I not hear you, sir?

DAILY

Don't get smart with me, asshole. (he moves to GIUM) Yeoman, something's fishy. I want to know what it is.

GIUM

What do you mean, sir?

DAILY

In a smart aleck son of a bitch knows that we know Lefko visited him in the brig.

GIUM

How could he know that, sir?

DAILY

Somebody told him. Do you have that statement from Simmons?

GIUM

It's right here, sir! (jumps up and gets it from desk.)

DAILY

(looks at statement) Who could've known about it and tipped off Jurovick?

GIUM

(squirming) No one, sir... ah... ah... but I...

What is it?

GUM

I did leave it on my desk for about a half hour when I went to chow, sir.

DAILY

You mean you didn't lock it up?

GUM

Sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

DAILY

After this when you finish your reports bring them here immediately. Understood, Yeoman?

GUM

Yes, Captain,

DAILY

There are a lot of people aboard this ship who don't like the way I'm running things. They're jealous. Stop. Looks at JOEY. Alright, who gave you that information on Lefko? Who was it?

JOEY

I, I, I...  
DAILY

You're stuttering!

JOEY

N... N... Nobody visited me in the brig, sir! N... N... Nobady.

DAILY

You lying little bastard. You get his stuttering down, Yeoman?

GUM

(stuttering) W... w... would... ah... would you like me to read it back, sir?

DAILY

How does it compare to the last interrogation?

GUM

(runs to desk) It looks like it's almost word for word, except for the new material, sir!

DAILY

The asshole probably memorized it. But we do have him for lying, right?

GUM

Yes, sir. His previous testimony was that Lefko did not visit him in the brig, sir.

DAILY

You hear that, Jurovick?

JOEY

I hear that, sir.

DAILY

Well?

DAILY

You just don't want to learn, do you? Don't you see you're getting caught in a web of lies? If you'll just tell me the truth of what happened I'll go easy on you. I give you my word as an officer and a gentleman.

JOEY

Except for that one lie I've told you the truth, sir!

DAILY

You wanna bet on that? (shakes his head. Moves away from JOEY) You... you... job... job... job... job... job... job... job... It just can't be helped (to GUM) I can't have pugs runnig around my ship!

GUM

No sir, you can't, sir!

DAILY

It undermines discipline. Do you understand, Yeoman?

GUM

Oh, yes sir! I do, sir!

DAILY

But no one... (a whisper) Do you know what they've been calling me?

GUM

Who, sir?

DAILY

The nickname they have for me... do you know it?

GUM

I haven't heard anything, sir.

DAILY

If you haven't it's because the sailors don't trust a pen pushing yeoman. They've been calling me... ah... Captain Goosey! Yeah. They don't realize that Lefko is a cancer on my ship. And I don't think Jurovick was a pog before that double-gated son of a bitch got his hands on him. (listens for a second) What in hell are you writing?

GUM

I'm taking down everything you say, sir!

DAILY

I'm just talking to you, asshole!

GUM

I'm sorry, sir. I'll scratch it out.

DAILY

No one seems to understand that we're in a life and death struggle and we must stamp out fascism. That was world fascism is just the beginning... just the beginning. Yeoman. Leonard Lefko is part of the Fifth Column in our midst. We must be united and if we cannot stamp out our own Fifth Column, then how about the Germans and the Japs?

GUM

I never thought of that, sir!

DAILY

But it's not only the Germans and the Japs. Once we defeat them we'll have to face the degenerate Russians... stamp out Communism! It's going to be a long, long war. (moves to GUM) We must be united. (They look at each other. GUM smiles. Captain puts him on the shoulder, they are friends. DAILY moves to desk, opens it and takes out a pack of Luckies. Cups them in his hand.)

DAILY

(he is leaning back in his chair. JULY looks at him. He is so exhausted he is half falling down) Have you ever seen this before?

JOEY

It's a pack of Luckies, sir!

DAILY

Answer the question, you little prick!

JOEY

I don't know if they're the same ones but I did have a pack of Luckies under my mattress, sir!

DAILY

How did they get there, asshole?

JOEY

I put them there, sir.

DAILY

Yeoman GUM, read the signed statement of Ships Clerk Rixington!

GUM

(reads statement. GUM Puts Officer who purchased a pair of socks in the Supply Room on December 25, 1942. This is the same Lefko. GUM reads it slowly. After he is finished, he turns to the Captain and says, "Sir, I am sure that this is the man who has been harassing James Rixington. Sir, I am sure." JULY

Well, Jurovick?

JULY

Well what, sir?

DAILY

You still deny that Lefko gave you the Luckies?

JOEY

I didn't say he didn't give them to me, sir!

DAILY

You admit he gave them to you?

JOEY

Yes.

DAILY

Can't you see that it's useless, Jurovick. Can't you see I'm going to get the truth out of you. By the way, Leonard Lefko is up on charges. A deck court martial.

JOEY

Really, sir!

DAILY

It's only the beginning. Lefko is no longer a Chief Petty Officer. He is now a first class petty officer. Did you know that, Jurovick?

JOEY

No sir, I didn't.

DAILY

There are a lot of things you don't know, sailor. There is no way you can save Lefko's queer ass. You're fighting the Navy. Navy's all handed and it isn't going to work. Lefko is condemned to his quarters and court martial proceedings will be brought against him as soon as we arrive at the Navy Yard. Why don't you just get it over with?

JOEY

A deck court martial ain't all that bad, sir!  
DAILY

It's just the first step, asshole. I can assure you I'm going to drum that bastard out of the service with a dishonorable discharge. We are now a little over 30 hours from the States and I'm taking you more and more that the next 30 hours are going to be pure hell for you. You haven't seen anything yet. And if you continue lying you're gonna get a dishonorable discharge and ten years in a navy prison . . . breaking rocks.

JOEY

Just for telling you I'm a homosexual, sir?

DAILY

Shut up! Chin in! Square those fuckin' shoulders. Alright, let's start from the beginning. From when that double gaited prick came to see you in the brig

JOEY

I can't. I can't. (his knees bend. He falls to the floor.)

DAILY

I know you're playing possum, Jurovick. Get up!  
.JOEY

(begins to sing hysterically) Marie Elena, you're the answer to a prayer . . .

DAILY

(runs to door) A pail of salt water . . . on the double  
O'CONNOR (offstage)

Aye aye, sir!

GIUM moves across stage toward JOEY on the floor

The captain stops him. GIUM looks at captain, then at JOEY  
They freeze

JOEY

(screaming and sobbing) Help me! Help me! Help me!

END OF FIRST ACT

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# DRUM

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...THEN THE  
AUCTIONEER  
STEPPED IN  
TO THE FRAY...

ENOUGH!

DRUM FELT A SEARING STAB OF PAIN IN HIS HEAD, THEN A SENSATION OF FALLING... FALLING...

HIS BEWILDERED MIND TRIED TO GRASP AT THE SIGHTS AND DREAMS THAT FLASHED AROUND HIM AS HE FELL



...THEN INTO  
A WELL OF  
DARKNESS...



FINALLY A SENSE OF DRIFTING  
AND A HEAVY BOOT IN HIS CROTCH,

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Studio City, CA 91604



**DRUMMER**  
TAKES A LOOK AT THE  
**INTERMOUNTAIN  
LOGGING COMPANY**



As the men sat at the bar, the bartender, a tall, thin Texan, asked if they wanted to go to the bunkhouse. "I don't know," said one of the men. "It's not like we're going to get laid or anything."

"Well, I think you should," said the bartender. "It's been a long time since we last had a good time. And what's the price?"

"It's free," said the bartender.

"What cowboy can resist trying on new socks from an aviator mall such as Fly-Bell? western-style vests, fedoras, and arched arches and sing in beds of buttery softness during the sunbathing process. The stitched leggings are a matter of resony-



The bunkhouse room with its changing sheets has a bunkhouse feeling, though somewhat異なる by comparison. The two don't interact with privacy, during the sex, choosing, but after try the sheets, or at least the bottom half. It wasn't from modesty, however; they had simply hung their street clothes there.

Photos by  
Hy Chast



...so far the only ones I had seen do  
anything like Andy's had that awful  
address, for

Owen Gildersleeve says, "I've seen  
U.S. couples in love who were drunk and  
driving in ranches. These girls seem real  
and sweet."



...so far I was dead and buried in a  
mush. Gildersleeve was in the Army  
for 24 years and probably at some  
military unit, possibly Africa.

Joe and Andy have a spring board  
with International's manager and head  
off into the sunset, the usual. There's  
actually on Santa Monica Blvd in West  
Hollywood.



# REX



"Uh, there's a...K...uh..."  
The voice is the capital of Rex and  
it's a fair question. Through the years they  
that all seemed "Rex" are earthy, mighty,  
real, and personal, still there is something  
in that voice that doesn't seem quite  
human. Something suggests the infinite  
detail of a photograph. But if you pick up

a magnifying glass to check it out, well, it's only lines and dots and black and white after all. A drawing doesn't give itself up to you like a photograph. It eludes you.

There is a Rex, but Rex doesn't give himself up to you either. Not many people meet Rex. An interview? It's out of the question. Reserved, intense, wary of outsiders and newcomers, Rex is an enigma, as disciplined and demanding in himself as the taut technique of his drawings. He's handsome; fine sharp features, dark hair, tight-muscled, the classic grin of a GI. Definitely handsome, and always soberly dressed in black, always wearing those thick-soled German army boots you sometimes see in Rex drawings.

Rex lives and works in the kind of fortress you get used to in New York. A cool, dark space with a precision finish. Photographs are everywhere—men, machines, aircraft hangars, horses and Tom of Finland's drawings ("Everyone owes Tom a lot. He took the rugged American man, made him larger than life and gave him back to us," Rex will say if you ask about them.)

In a room like a bunker, drawings for the new Rex book are tacked to cork walls below a khaki parachute that spills out of an army helmet in the center of the ceiling. Some of the drawings are finished, just the way they'll be published. Others are being worked on, a process that can take months. The outlines are already there, the male flesh still blank, perhaps just a leather sleeve. Rex has totally completed, highlights glistening, the teeth of a zipper. Already they are beautiful, and hot just like that, unfinished. ("A drawing is complete at several stages," Rex said once. "Something in each stage has to be sacrificed to the final drawing.")

What makes the finished drawings so hot? For one thing, these are not innocent daydreams. These are not pretty fellows draped in fetish symbols. The boots and leathers, the uniforms, the clamps and chains and jocks express a horny urgency. The men who grapple with each other with such a fierce passion are not always even handsome. Some of the best men in the world of Rex are pure vibrate.

Rex never sets up a narrative series. All the story is there in one flash, telescoped into a single moment and isolated on the page. These are drawings you look at one at a time. In each one Rex distills the action we have all seen, done or imagined, but which we get to bring off only rarely and never do so well.

The settings are immediate. The action can't wait for a safer place or a better time. It explodes on the spot, in the johns, on a subway car, in lockers or a room at the Y. But there's a cryptic quality in the atmosphere, a sense that even the jitter on a seedy hotel room floor carries a special message. Though you recognize some familiar images, Rex gives them a private twist. Take the classic leatherman on the cover of *Mannequin*. Rex captures the dull shine of his jacket and the topman's traditional leather cap, but you can't read the expression in his eyes; they are strangely remote. And he licks his upper



lip in a disconcerting gesture. Why? In anticipation? A cool appraisal? Pure sensuality? There is something elusive and seductive in these details, too.

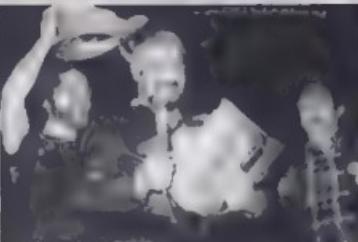
And the titles. Last year hardly anyone knew the meaning of *Mannequin* (let alone how to say it). Rex explains it as German slang meaning men's games, a kind of rough locker room horseplay. The games these men are into make pretty heavy horseplay: games of power, games of submission, waiting games, played out

in an intense hush.

The new book is called *Icons*. Images of worship. And new games that express a kind of rugged communion. Rex's finer than ever. He draws his icons from his own world. The world of Rex excludes you or draws you in, at your own risk.

Those who never got a friendly flash from a sailor in the subway might see Rex drawings as a pure exercise in fantasy. But the DRUMMER man moves in this world himself. He knows

# WITH THE BIKE CLUBS



Winner of the MR. TURKEY contest is Ellis Santore (left and bottom right). Other contestants are unidentified, but very much present. Setting is SPIKE BAR in New York. Photos by Doug White.

## WHEELS

Early in the holiday season, WHEELS, M.C. of New York City held its first annual MR. TURKEY contest at the Spike Bar along the celebrated "Dock Strip."

Entrants for Mr. Turkey had to be over 40 years of age. WHEELS was not looking for the "Mr. Chicken" of inex perience, but the groovy guy who had been around, tried and tested, and who had much to offer in vintage "rather than youth."

As the evening progressed, I became noticeable that this contest was different from most of the other beauty contests held in bars. Instead of the typical *poseur*, the entrants entered into the spirit of the evening with not only looks but ready wit. Each contestant was tested on appearance and personality and in each of them was the voice of ex perience as well as intelligence. Even more important, every contestant, as he appeared before the audience, smashed the age-old myth that if you are over 30 you're over the hill?

What they did show was that with maturity comes a new attractiveness. Somewhere as the years go by, you lose your hang-ups, inhibitions and embar rassments, while gaining a sense of humor and an acceptance of your lifestyle.

Though it was winner-take-all, every contestant came out a winner in showing the attractiveness of the father man in middle-age and loving every minute of it.

The winner of the contest was Ellis Santore, 43 in February, an Aquarius rising - a full-blooded Italian born and raised in New Haven, Connecticut, currently a resident of Greenwich Village. Educated at Oberlin and Purdue in Ohio, he has worked in the theatre for 15 years and directed over 55 plays.

His interests are theatre, ballet, the art of conversation, museums, painting, opera, cooking and nude beaches.

He loves travel and he loves gay life; a worthy representative of the vintage man who knows how to appreciate every minute of life.

Jay Norman



# TRASH

MC

KNIGHTS OF OMAHA, mid  
west bike club, meets at  
Omaha's Leather/Levi DIA,  
MOND BAR

ROLLING THUNDER  
Long Island City  
New York 11101

## HOT STUFF THE BIKER CLUB CALENDAR

- |           |                |                                |
|-----------|----------------|--------------------------------|
| March     | 4, 5, 6        | N.Y. LEVI, Anniversary IV      |
| May       | 13, 14, 15     | CENTAURS, Olympia              |
| May       | 27, 28, 29, 30 | WHEELS N.Y., W-8               |
| May       | 27, 28, 29     | SNC—London, Silver Jubilee     |
| June      | 10, 11, 12     | SCORPIONS, Scorpio Rising      |
| June      | 17, 18, 19     | KEMO/MONTREAL, Kebek '77       |
| July      | 1, 2, 3, 4     | BUCKS, 1776-V                  |
| July      | 15, 16, 17     | SPARTANS, Marathon '77         |
| August    | 5, 6, 7        | SHIPMATES, Keelhaul '77        |
| September | 30             | LINKS, Safari II               |
| October   | 1, 2           | LINKS, Safari II               |
| October   | 21, 22, 23     | VANGUARDS, Oktoberfest         |
| November  | 4, 5, 6        | LOST ANGELS                    |
|           |                | Autumn Scrambles               |
| December  | 2, 3, 4        | L.I. SPUDS, Horsin' Around '77 |
| December  | 10             | EMPIRE CITY, Annual            |
|           |                | Christmas Charity Benefit      |

The above events are sanctioned by A.M.C.C. for 1977



FOLSOM PRISON at the beginning of the Folsom Strip in San Francisco has been torn down. We are sorry to report. Closing night festivities included the ripping down of the famous prison bars over the big horseshoe shaped bar and dismantling the beloved fire places, brick by brick. A few people went home the night of January 2 with a lot of Folsom Prison souvenirs. Owners and staff are planning a new bar in the same area after a brief vacation.

# Head Out to the



## A Man's Club

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# THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATH



If You're Man Enough that's the theme of Boston's newest bar Boston, known as the "Hub" of the Universe the intellectual and cultural center of the country (believe it or not, there are over 250 schools, colleges, universities etc. in Greater Boston), is changing its puritanically conservative attitude towards sex to a more liberal outlook. This is, at least in part, to its proximity to New York, as well as its close ties with its sister city of San Francisco. Boston's newest bar? The Boston Eagle. The Eagle has brother bars in New York, Washington, D.C., and Munich, Germany.

The Eagle is basically a leather-denim bar. Basically! On any given night you can meet a good cross-type of Boston's gay community there, the daytime manager/bartender, George, is living example of a contradiction in terms. George loves his uniforms; is a most competent bartender, an except orally competent day manager; simply adores State Troopers, and is an accomplished must-cologist who works, in his spare time, with the choir of local churches (see what I mean)? At cocktail hour five O'clockish - George dons his tux, a leather cap literally encrusted with dozens of pins, buttons, studs, etc. souvenirs of various cities, runs, etc. Truly a sight to behold! And it goes so well with his handlebar moustache.

Assistant manager Mike is a dyed-in-the-wool journalist, writing for several of Boston's gay publications. Mike is "My Personality Plus" One of Mike's smiles is worth a drink and, one of his drinks is worth two anywhere else. Besides, he looks great in denim and a black leather vest.

The manager of the Eagle is Joe Kirby, Joe, a native Bostonian, also manages "1270," Boston's largest disco, billed as "Three Floors of Fun;" thanks to Joe and

his fine staff, it certainly is. Joe has also been Captain of Entre Nous for the past two years, refusing re-election to a third term because of his involvement with the two bars and his new shop - more about that later.

The Eagle, itself, is one of Boston's largest bars in terms of space. The one huge room is separated into three distinct areas. Near the entrance is a 30-foot long bar of natural wood, dominated by a massive hand-carved gilded Eagle. The central section is enclosed on two sides by a narrow "lean-on-it" bar, and contains tables, chairs, barrels full of peanuts ([Jimmy Carter?]), and serves as the "stand and pose yourself" section Beyond is the game area, complete with pool tables and a bank of pinball machines. One wall in the game area exemplifies the club spirit of the Eagle with trophy cases full to overflowing with hard-earned awards given to Entre Nous by various clubs throughout the country. The Eagle has a very friendly atmosphere, and offers a variety of entertainments - besides the three T-rooms. The jukebox contains a mish-mash of music varying from country and western to the latest disco numbers. The "Florida 360" hanging on the wall is being raffled off by Entre Nous Inc. and there is a March trip to Florida being given away just for the fun of it. Af around the bar, hanging from the ceiling - if you get a chance to look up - are banners donated by clubs all over the U.S., and as far away as Australia. The clubs represented at the bar are Entre Nous, the ASMC, and the Tridents, this ast being the newest entry into Boston's club scene.

The area that the Eagle opened in is known as the "Fenway" area of Boston. Fenway is a large park and garden section of Boston, long known as one of the more crazy parts of town. The Fenway during the day is very attractive, the Fenway after dark is unreal. The area is

becoming more and more gay, and is being built up to what in a few years may well become Boston's version of the "Village." And in case anyone doesn't know it, the first publicly elected gay State Representative was elected in this area - Ms. Elaine Noble. Need we say more than Believe it - the Eagle is one hell of a bar! The help is friendly, the clientele is friendly, the neighborhood is friendly. Spit on the floor, step on the peanut shells, and kick the cat - this is freedom hall!

Remember "more about that after"? Well, here it is - Boston's first "gay head shop" - something this provincial town has needed for a long time to satisfy the wants of the gay community, and in particular the leather and denim set. It's called "The L&L Shop" - and talk about electric! You name it - they've got it! And if it's so far out that they don't, they'll order it. The shop is decorated fittingly enough in gray) displays a bewildering variety of items, ranging from any size dildo, your favorite style cock ring, whips, chains, harnesses, grass/hash pipes, t-shirts, hankies, pillows, thongs, jewelry, books, magazines, inhalers, lubricants, and much, much more.

Joe Kirby and Will, the owners, are usually next door at the Eagle. The sales men, Bob and Mike, are always at your service (they shouldn't be included in the husband category, although you may want to). Sure, they'll help fit you for a cock ring or a hood - but don't get too carried away. Between these four guys you're bound to get what you want. Should you make a pit stop at the Eagle and meet the right person, but lack some of the essentials, just go one door down the street. By the way, you are not going to believe the addresses of the bar and the shop respectively, 88 and 80 Queensberry Street, Boston.

by MICHAEL BUCKLEY

Photos by Michael Corrado

# THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

WESTERN / LEATHER WESTERN / LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER / WESTERN LEATH

To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area... or let us know what we have missed... it will keep us all informed of where the Leather action is.

## ALABAMA DOTHAN

The Upstarts . . . . . 314 N. Foster

## ARIZONA PHOENIX

Ramrod . . . . . 396 N Black Canyon Rd

## CALIFORNIA

ARCADIA (off 210 Hwy)

Long Branch . . . . . 1316 E. Huntington Dr

## GARDEN GROVE

SADDLE CLUB . . . . . 8197 Garden Grove  
The Iron Spur . . . . . 11086 Garden Grove

## LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Bunkhouse . . . . . 4619 Santa Monica

Detour . . . . . 1067 Melrose Ave

1170 . . . . . 1170 N. Western Ave

FALCON'S LAIR . . . . . 742 N. Highland Ave

GriFF's . . . . . 5574 Melrose Ave

Headquarters . . . . . 1941 Hyperion Ave

Jaguar . . . . . 7511 Santa Monica Blvd

LARRY'S . . . . . 5414 Melrose Ave

Manhandler Saloon . . . . . 2892 S. LaCienega

ONE WAY . . . . . 812 N. Hoover

OUTCAST . . . . . 4223 Santa Monica Blvd

RUSTY NAIL . . . . . 7994 Santa Monica Blvd

SILVER DOLLAR SALOON 4356 Sunset Blvd

THE SPIKE . . . . . 7746 Santa Monica Blvd

Stud . . . . . 4218 Melrose Ave

## LOS ANGELES/VALLEY

Drive Shaft . . . . . 13761 Victory Blvd

Farmhouse . . . . . 12319 Ventura Blvd

Frank's Buckaroos Inn . . . . . 802 Hollywood Way

The Signal . . . . . 10822 Burbank Blvd

Hayloft . . . . . 11818 Ventura Blvd

## NORTH LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL . . . . . 2020 Artesia Blvd

STALLION . . . . . 5823 N. Atlantic Ave

## PALM SPRINGS

Party Room . . . . . 67-077 Highway 111

## SACRAMENTO

Montana Saloon . . . . . 7804 Fair Oaks Blvd

## SAN BERNARDINO

SKYLARK . . . . . 917 Inland Center Dr

## SAN DIEGO

BEE JAY'S . . . . . 750 India St

THE HOLE . . . . . 2820 Lytton

LEV/LEATHER

# RUSTLER SALOON

1023 Monroe St. Rear  
(1/2 Central Ave.)  
Toledo  
Phone 47-19261

LOCKER ROOM FOR SALE



Chicago's Leather Toy Store

## THE

# LEATHER CELL



SPIDERMAN

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# THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

THIR WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER / WESTERN LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

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AMBUSH	1351 Harrison St
Bolt	1347 Polson
BOOT CAMP	1010 Bryant
Dude	990 Polson St., Alameda
FEBS	1501 Polson
Federal Hotel	1087 Polson St.
HOMBRE	2148 Market St
LONE STAR	2062 Divisadero
Pink Gulch Saloon	1090 Post
RAMROD	1255 Polson
Round Up	298 8th St
Saddle Tramp Saloon	1087 Summer St.
Star Hotel	979 Polson St.
Wild Goose	1488 Pine St.

SAN JOSE	
641 Club	641 Stockton St

SANTA BARBARA

Thirty West Cota ..... 30 W. Cota St

## COLORADO DENVER

Our Den	5110 W. Colfax
Triangle	2036 Broadway
1942 Club	1942 Broadway

COLORADO SPRINGS

Box Car (on Nevada Ave near Air Force Acad.)

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

EAGLE	904 Ninth St. NW
Eagle in Exile	953 Ninth St. NW
Louie's Spanish Lounge	305 Ninth St. NW

## CONNECTICUT HARTFORD

Warehouse	61 Woodbine
	WATERBURY

Rusty's Roadhouse ..... 1388 Thompson

## THE SADDLE

242-9996

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10PM-4AM

1800-261-1875

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Monroe

Washington D. C.

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## SADDLE

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Garden Grove

714/530-9011

# THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

THIR / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

## FLORIDA

### FT. LAUDERDALE

Pitts (in the Cop) . . . U.S. No. 1 at 28th St. S.E.  
Tacky's . . . 2509 W. Broward Blvd.

### JACKSONVILLE

Brothers . . . 484 May st.  
PHOENIX BAR . . . Phoenix at 11th

### Miami

Double "R" Bar . . . 1001 N.E. Second Ave.  
Tool Room . . . 3804 S.W. 8th

### ORLANDO

The Stable . . . 410 N. Orange Blossom Trail  
Rad Devil . . . ST. PETERSBURG

### TAMPA

KIKIKI Saloon . . . 1305 Central Ave.  
Man's Country . . . 508 26th St.

### WEST PALM BEACH

Mrs. P's . . . 551 Ponce de Leon, N.W.  
ILLINOIS

### CHICAGO

Glory Hole . . . 1343 N. Wells  
GOLD COAST . . . 501 N. Clark St.  
PIT . . . 175 N. Clark St.  
Stockade . . . 700 N. Wells St.

### FRANKLIN PARK

Missing Link . . . 3011 Mannheim Rd.

### KENTUCKY

### LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory . . . 118 E. Main

## LOUISIANA

### NEW ORLEANS

Golden Lantern . . . 1229 Royal St.  
Lafitte's in Exile . . . 901 Bourbon St.  
Loft . . . 728 Rampart  
Outpost . . . (Knights d'Orleans M.C.)  
Seven Seas . . . 800 Bourbon St.  
515 St. Philip

## MARYLAND

### BALTIMORE

Gallery . . . 1735 Maryland  
Leon's . . . 870 Peak  
Satellite . . . 901 Aliceanna  
Shipmates . . . 1735 Maryland

## MASSACHUSETTS

### BOSTON

THE BOSTON EAGLE . . . 88 Queenberry St.  
Herbie's Ramrod . . . 12 Carver  
Bliss . . . 272 Huntington  
Sporters . . . 228 Cambridge  
Sea Drift Inn (a guest house) . . . 80 Bradford St.  
SPRINGFIELD

Quarry . . . 382 Dwight St.

## MICHIGAN

### DETROIT

INTERCHANGE . . . 1501 Holden  
Stephen's Saloon . . . 17436 Woodward Ave.

## MISSOURI

### KANSAS CITY

Pit . . . 1014 Oak  
ST. LOUIS

Bob Martin's Bar . . . 201 S. 20th

## MONTANA

### BILLINGS

Frank's Hole . . . 1625 Central  
Cockpit . . . 131 Moore  
Pack Trail Inn . . . Pine Hills

## NEBRASKA

### OMAHA

Diamond Bar . . . 515 S. 16th St.

## NEW YORK

### BUFFALO

Villa Capri . . . 937 Main St., Corner of Allen  
MANHATTAN

Anvil . . . 500 W. 14th St. at 11th Ave.  
Barracks . . . 228 W. 42nd St.

Beau Geste . . . 239 Third Ave.  
Boo Hill . . . 317 Amsterdam Ave.

Boots & Saddle . . . 76 Christopher St.  
Candle . . . 309 Amsterdam Ave.

EAGLE'S NEST . . . 21st at 11th Ave.  
Fedor's . . . 239 W. 4th St.

Frankenstein . . . 45 Green St.  
Nina Plus . . . 138 11th Ave. at 18th St.

Ramp . . . 11th Ave. at 18th St.  
Ramrod . . . 394 West St.

Rawhide . . . West, foot of Christopher St.  
Spike Bar . . . 11th Ave. at 20th St.

Strap . . . 18th St. at 10th Ave.  
Warehouse Pier 81 . . . 324 Amsterdam Ave.

### QUEENS

Billy The Kid . . . 76-07 Roosevelt Ave.

## NORTH CAROLINA

### RALEIGH

The Capital Corral . . . 313 W. Hargett St.

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# THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

## OHIO AKRON

Satan's Inferno ..... 351 W. Market

### COLUMBUS

The Loft ..... 622 S. High St. (Upstairs)

Trade Winds II ..... 117 E. Chestnut

### CLEVELAND

Lower Landing ..... 1012 Summer Court

LEATHER STALLION ..... 2203 St. Clair

Zanzibar ..... 1630 Payne Ave.

### ROCKBRIDGE

Summit Lodge ..... Route 1, Box 296

### TOLEDO

THE RUSTLER SALOON ..... 4023 Monroe St.

Open Closet ..... 3310 Fecor St. at Central

### OREGON PORTLAND

Dahl & Penne's ..... 604 S.W. Second

Other Inn ..... 242 S.W. Alder

## PENNSYLVANIA

### NEW HOPE

Cartwheel Inn ..... 1 Mile West on 202

### PHILADELPHIA

Allegro ..... 1412 Spruce St.

Cell Block ..... 206 S. Camac

Men's Room ..... 266 S. 12th St.

Pits ..... 211 S. Quince

Post ..... 1705 Chancellor

Westbury Hotel Bar ..... 217 S. 17th St.

247 Bar ..... 247 S. 17th St.

### PITTSBURGH

Edison Hotel Bar ..... 135 Ninth

Rathskeller ..... 1226 Herron Ave.

### TENNESSEE

### MEMPHIS

Entre Nuit ..... 285 S. Cleveland

### NASHVILLE

Jungle Lounge ..... 715 Commerce

### TEXAS

### DALLAS

Chuck's ..... 3019 Haskell

Sun Dance Kid ..... 4025 Maple

Texas Ranch ..... 4117 Maple

### FORT WORTH

Rawhide ..... 4018 White Settlement Rd.

### HOUSTON

Barn ..... 710 Pacific

Exile ..... 1011 Bell

Inside/Outside Country ..... 1318 Westheimer

Ranch ..... 8800 S. Main

Silver Bullet Saloon ..... 1005 California St.

### WASHINGTON

### SEATTLE

THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE ..... 1224 Howell

JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR ..... 2018 First

### WISCONSIN

### MILWAUKEE

WRECK ROOM ..... 286 E. Erie

### WYOMING

### CHEYENNE

Sam's Place ..... 1800 Central Ave.

### CANADA

### MONTREAL, P.Q.

Cafe Regent Apollo ..... 5116 Ave du Parc

Cruiser 780 ..... 1419 Drummond, 3rd Floor

Dominion Squares Tavern ..... 1243 Metcalfe

Lincoln Cafe ..... 4479 St. Denis

Neptune Tavern ..... 1121 des Commissaires, W.

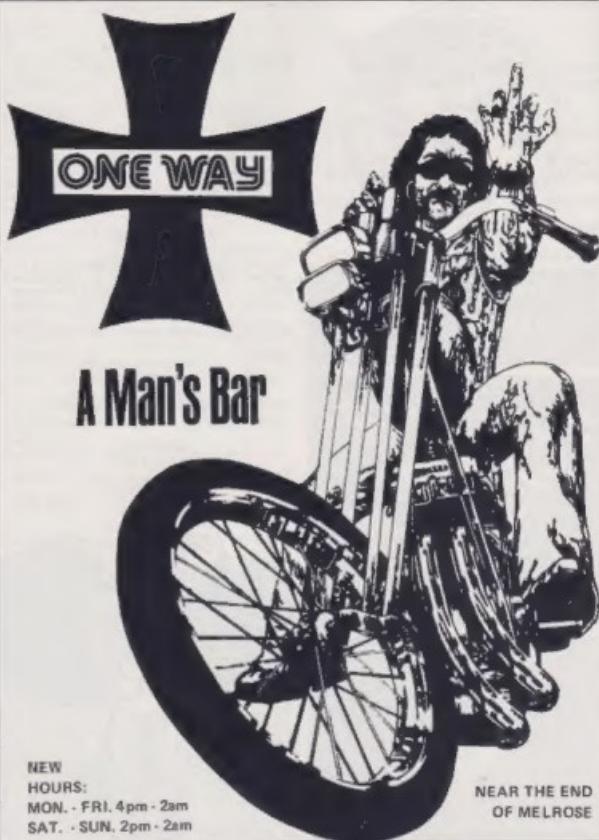
Trus ..... 1426 Stanley, 3rd Floor

### TORONTO, ONTARIO

Barrecks ..... 56 Widmer St.

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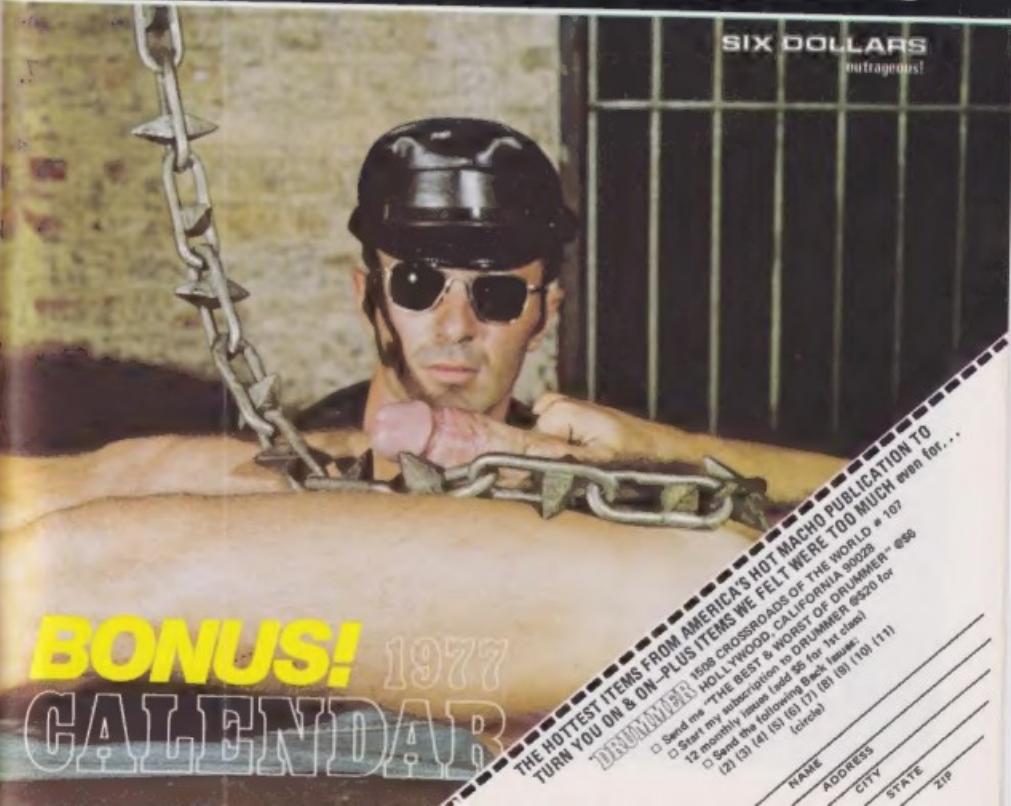
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